

1906

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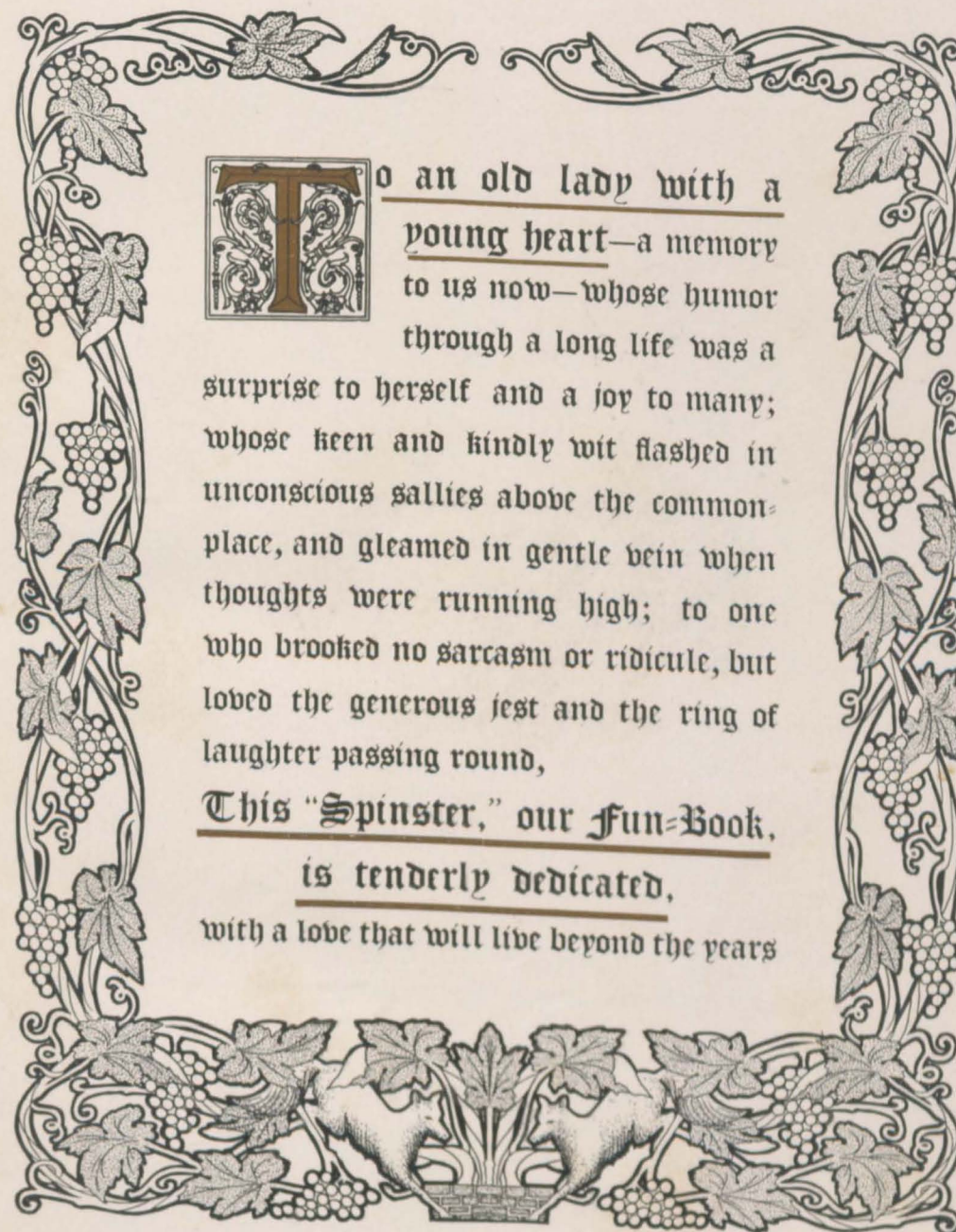
THE
SPINSTER
'06



The SPINSTER

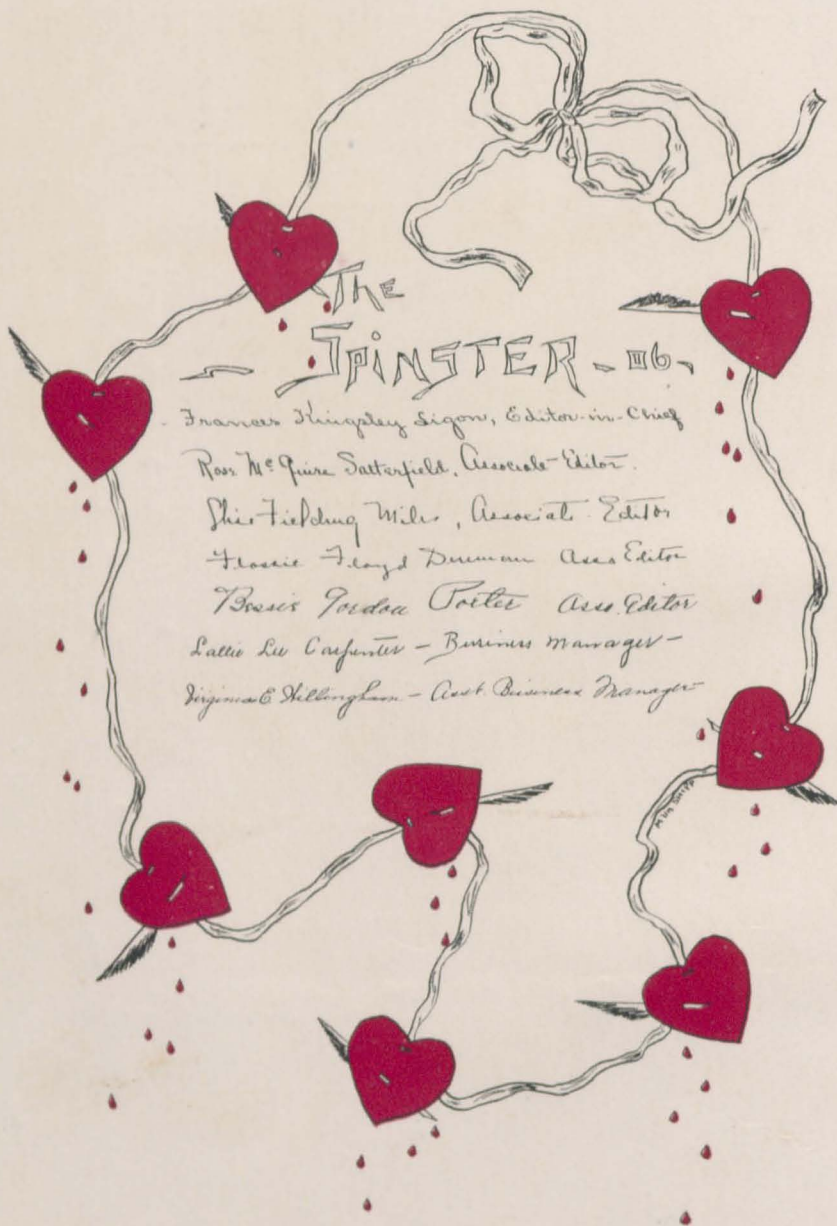


EDITED BY
The Students of Hollins Institute
VIRGINIA
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SIX



To an old lady with a
young heart—a memory
to us now—whose humor
through a long life was a
surprise to herself and a joy to many;
whose keen and kindly wit flashed in
unconscious sallies above the common-
place, and gleamed in gentle vein when
thoughts were running high; to one
who brooked no sarcasm or ridicule, but
loved the generous jest and the ring of
laughter passing round,

This "Spinster," our Fun-Book,
is tenderly dedicated,
with a love that will live beyond the years



THE SPINSTER - 116 -

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 MRS. B. C. BARBEE
Assistant
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Steward

* Deceased

Roll of Students

| NAME | HOME ADDRESS | SCHOOL ADDRESS | YEAR |
|-----------------------|--|-----------------|------|
| MARY ANDERSON..... | Clifton Forge, Va..... | Main..... | 3 |
| | Euzelian; <i>Quarterly Staff</i> ; Secretary Class 'o6; Treasurer Euzelian. | | |
| NELLIE ANDERSON..... | Clifton Forge, Va..... | Main..... | 1 |
| SUSIE ANDERSON..... | Clifton Forge, Va..... | Main..... | 1 |
| LUCY ANDERSON..... | Richmond, Va..... | Tinnymment..... | 1 |
| | Capitol Club; Σ T. | | |
| LAURA ARMITAGE..... | Richmond, Va..... | Main..... | 2 |
| | Euzelian; Capitol Club; Yemassee; Black Cats; Polly Pryms. | | |
| KATHERINE ATKINS..... | Washington, D. C..... | Main..... | 1 |
| | Yankee Club. | | |
| AILEEN AUSTIN..... | San Antonio, Texas..... | Waldorf..... | 1 |
| | Euepian; X Σ; Texas Club; San Antonio Club; Skippers; Secretary and Treasurer Class 'og. | | |
| EVA BAKER..... | Beverly, W. Va..... | Tinnymment..... | 2 |
| | West Virginia Club. | | |
| NETTIE BAIRD..... | Fort Spring, W. Va..... | Tinnymment..... | 2 |
| | Euzelian; West Virginia Club; Cabbage Patch. | | |
| LELIA BARKER..... | Lynchburg, Va..... | Main..... | 1 |
| | Lynchburg Club; La Cuisine. | | |
| HELEN BARKSDALE..... | Houston, Va..... | Main..... | 3 |
| | Euzelian; President Y. W. C. A., 1906-'07. | | |
| MARY BARKSDALE..... | Houston, Va..... | Main..... | 3 |
| | Euzelian. | | |
| EUNA BARNETT..... | Albany, Ga..... | Cottage..... | 1 |
| | Euzelian; Georgia Club; T. K. | | |
| CANDIS BATSON..... | Hattiesburg, Miss..... | Main..... | 1 |
| | Euzelian. | | |
| KATHERYN BELT..... | Dallas, Texas..... | Tinnymment..... | 1 |
| | Euepian; Π Γ; Texas Club. | | |
| IRENE BELT..... | Dallas, Texas..... | Tinnymment..... | 1 |
| | Euepian; Texas Club. | | |
| LUCILE BELT..... | Dallas, Texas..... | Tinnymment..... | 1 |
| | Texas Club. | | |
| ANNIE BENNETT..... | Goddman, Va..... | Home..... | 5 |
| KATHLEEN BLOUNT..... | Union Springs, Ala..... | Waldorf..... | 3 |
| | Euzelian; Σ Σ Σ; Alabama Club; Nymph; W. C. A. | | |

| NAME | HOME ADDRESS | SCHOOL ADDRESS | YEAR |
|---|------------------------|-----------------|------|
| MAY BOLTON..... | Wharton, Texas..... | Main..... | 1 |
| Texas Club. | | | |
| LESLIE BOOTH..... | Petersburg, Va..... | Main..... | 1 |
| T. K. | | | |
| GERTRUDE BODFISH..... | Victor, Col..... | Main..... | 1 |
| Euzelian. | | | |
| IRENE BOWLES..... | Huntington, W. Va..... | Main..... | 1 |
| Euepian; West Virginia Club; Black Cat; La Cuisine. | | | |
| SADIE BOWLES..... | Salem, Va..... | Waldorf..... | 1 |
| MILDRED BRADFORD..... | Charleston, W. Va..... | Tinnymment..... | 1 |
| Euzelian; Φ M Γ; West Virginia Club; Cabbage Patch; Cotillion Club; Vice-President Class '08; Dramatic Club; "Club That Never Was;" Track Team. | | | |
| GRACE BRIGGS..... | Richmond, Va..... | Main..... | 2 |
| Σ Σ Σ; Capitol Club; Polly Pryms; Black Cat. | | | |
| CATHARINE BRYAN..... | Shanghi, China..... | Main..... | 2 |
| Secretary Y. W. C. A., '06. | | | |
| SARAH BUCHANAN..... | Newnan, Ga..... | Waldorf..... | 2 |
| Euzelian; Georgia Club. | | | |
| VIRGINIA BULLITT..... | Big Stone Gap, Va..... | Waldorf..... | 1 |
| Euepian; K. K. K.; Nymph; Yemassee; Kodak Club; Vice-President Class '09. | | | |
| ANNE BURGIN..... | Burgin, Ky..... | Waldorf..... | 2 |
| Kentucky Club. | | | |
| SOPHIA BURGIN..... | Burgin, Ky..... | Waldorf..... | 2 |
| Kentucky Club; Mohican. | | | |
| EMILY BURTON..... | Richmond, Va..... | Main..... | 1 |
| Euzelian; Capitol Club. | | | |
| ADA CALDWELL..... | Knoxville, Tenn..... | Waldorf..... | 2 |
| Euzelian; D. A. M.; Night-Hawks; Kodak Club; Tennessee Club. | | | |
| LOIS CALDWELL..... | Knoxville, Tenn..... | Waldorf..... | 1 |
| D. A. M.; Night-Hawks; Tennessee Club; Kodak Club. | | | |
| AILEEN CALDWELL..... | Memphis, Tenn..... | Waldorf..... | 1 |
| Euzelian; K Δ; Tennessee Club; Nymph; Track Team; D—F. F. | | | |
| MABELLE CALDWELL..... | Temple, Texas..... | Main..... | 2 |
| Euepian; Σ Σ Σ; Texas Club; Polly Pryms; Black Cat. | | | |
| EDITH CALLAGHAM..... | Monkton, Md..... | Cottage..... | 1 |
| MAY CAMP..... | Franklin, Va..... | Main..... | 1 |
| Euepian; T K; La Cuisine. | | | |
| ANNA CAMPBELL..... | Blacksburg, Va..... | Waldorf..... | 2 |
| Euzelian; Nymph; S. S. p. ? D—F. F.; "The Club That Never Was." | | | |
| MAUDE CANADA..... | Lynchburg, Va..... | Waldorf..... | 1 |
| Φ M; Lynchburg Club; Prowlers; Kodak Club. | | | |

| NAME | HOME ADDRESS | SCHOOL ADDRESS | YEAR |
|---|------------------------|-----------------|------|
| MARTHA CANTY..... | Fort Worth, Texas..... | Waldorf..... | 1 |
| Euepian; Texas Club; T. C. B.; Kodak Club; Prowlers. | | | |
| IONE CARNEY..... | Churchland, Va..... | Tinnymment..... | 1 |
| Euzelian; Φ M Γ; Bachelor's Club. | | | |
| JANE CARPENTER..... | Fairmount, W. Va..... | Tinnymment..... | 3 |
| West Virginia Club; Bachelor's Club; Cotillion Club; Track Team. | | | |
| LALLIE LEE CARPENTER..... | Clifton Forge, Va..... | Waldorf..... | 4 |
| Euepian; Naughty-Naught; Business Manager of SPINSTER and Quarterly; Mohican; Poet, Class '06; Lightfeet; Leggins; Nymphs; S. S. p. ? | | | |
| LOUISE CARPENTER..... | Clifton Forge, Va..... | Waldorf..... | 1 |
| A Σ; Nymph; Lightfeet; Mohican; Kodak Club. | | | |
| ELLEN CATOGNI..... | Roanoke, Va..... | Waldorf..... | 2 |
| Night-Hawks. | | | |
| LOUISE CAVE..... | Gainesville, Va..... | Main..... | 1 |
| MARGARET CHEWNING..... | Richmond, Va..... | Waldorf..... | 1 |
| A Σ; Capitol Club; Mohican; Kodak Club. | | | |
| VIDA CHISHOLM..... | Savannah, Ga..... | Waldorf..... | 5 |
| Euzelian; Naughty-Naught; T. G.; Leggins; Night-Hawks. | | | |
| ANNIE CLARK..... | Lynchburg, Va..... | Waldorf..... | 2 |
| Euepian; Δ T B; Lightfeet; D—F. F.; Lynchburg Club; T. A. R. | | | |
| CHARLOTTE CLARK..... | Lynchburg, Va..... | Main..... | 1 |
| Δ T B; A Σ; Lynchburg Club. | | | |
| LOUISE CLARKE..... | Richmond, Va..... | Tinnymment..... | 2 |
| Euepian; Γ O Π; Piker; Lightfeet; Dramatic Club; Vice-President Capitol Club; Secretary Class '08; "The Club That Never Was;" Masker. | | | |
| BLANCHE CLEVELAND..... | Jacksonville, Fla..... | Main..... | 1 |
| M. T. | | | |
| JANIE COCKE..... | Roanoke, Va..... | Main..... | 1 |
| A Σ; Kodak Club. | | | |
| MARY STUART COCKE..... | Roanoke, Va..... | Main..... | 6 |
| Euepian; Naughty-Naught; Editor-in-Chief of Quarterly; Vice-President Class '06; T. A. R.; Masker. | | | |
| MARGARET COCKE..... | Hollins, Va..... | Home..... | |
| MABEL COGBILL..... | Chesterfield, Va..... | Main..... | 2 |
| Euzelian. | | | |
| RUTH COGBURN..... | Edgefield, S. C..... | Main..... | 1 |
| South Carolina Club. | | | |
| LEONA COHRAN..... | Stuarts Draft, Va..... | Main..... | 4 |
| NINA COLE..... | Pittsburg, Pa..... | Main..... | 1 |
| Yankee Club. | | | |
| GENEVIEVE COLLINS..... | Pennsboro, W. Va..... | Tinnymment..... | 1 |
| Euzelian; West Virginia Club. | | | |
| MAY COLLINS..... | Birmingham, Ala..... | Waldorf..... | 3 |
| Euzelian; K. K. K.; Vice-President Alabama Club; Quarterly Staff; S. B. D. | | | |

| NAME | HOME ADDRESS | SCHOOL ADDRESS | YEAR |
|---|-------------------------|-----------------|------|
| FLORENCE CORRELL..... | Nara, Japan..... | Waldorf..... | 2 |
| Euzelian; K Δ. | | | |
| GRACE COTTINGHAM..... | Ottoman, Va..... | Tinnymment..... | 1 |
| GERTRUDE CROSSLAND..... | Indianapolis, Ind..... | Tinnymment..... | 1 |
| Yankee Club; Dramatic Club. | | | |
| LORA CRUMP..... | Richmond, Va..... | Waldorf..... | 3 |
| Euepian; Φ M Γ; T. G.; Night-Hawks; Capitol Club; Masker; Secretary and Treasurer Class '07. | | | |
| CLARINDA CRUPPER..... | Alexandria, Va..... | Tinnymment..... | 1 |
| Euzelian. | | | |
| ELIZABETH CURTIS..... | Newport News, Va..... | Main..... | 1 |
| Euzelian. | | | |
| ANNIE DARLINGTON..... | Washington, D. C..... | Main..... | 1 |
| Euzelian. | | | |
| ELIZABETH DARLINGTON..... | Washington, D. C..... | Main..... | 1 |
| Euzelian. | | | |
| JULIETTE DAUGHERTY..... | Houston, Texas..... | Waldorf..... | 2 |
| Euepian; X Σ; Skipper; Texas Club; Mohican; Kodak Club. | | | |
| NANNIE LOUISE DAVIS..... | Lynchburg, Va..... | Waldorf..... | 2 |
| Euepian; Δ T B; Lynchburg Club; Dramatic Club; Lightfeet; Cotillion Club; T. A. R. | | | |
| ELIZABETH DEARBON..... | Birmingham, Ala..... | Waldorf..... | 1 |
| Euepian; Δ T B; Alabama Club; Prowlers; S. B. D.; Kodak Club. | | | |
| CLARE DENMAN..... | San Antonio, Texas..... | Waldorf..... | 1 |
| Euepian; K. K. K.; Texas; President Class '09; San Antonio Class. | | | |
| FLOSSIE DENMAN..... | San Antonio, Texas..... | Waldorf..... | 4 |
| Euepian; X Σ; K. K. K.; SPINSTER Staff; Captain of Yemassee Team; Vice-President Athletic Association; Secretary of Texas Club; Historian Class '06; San Antonio Club; President Euepian Society Lee Evening. | | | |
| ROY DENMAN..... | San Antonio, Texas..... | Waldorf..... | 4 |
| Euepian; X Σ; Quarterly Staff; President of Texas Club; Prophet Class '06; San Antonio Club. | | | |
| RUBY DICKINSON..... | Marion, Va..... | Main..... | 1 |
| MADLINE DUB..... | Savannah, Ga..... | Main..... | 2 |
| Euzelian; Georgia Club; Yemassee; Black Cats; Polly Pryms. | | | |
| LUCILE DUDLEY..... | Columbus, Ga..... | Waldorf..... | 1 |
| Euzelian; Georgia Club. | | | |
| CORNELIA ELLIS..... | Shawsville, Va..... | Main..... | 1 |
| LAURA EMBREE..... | Louisville, Ky..... | Tinnymment..... | 1 |
| Γ O Π; Kentucky Club. | | | |
| MARY FARISH..... | Columbus, Ga..... | Waldorf..... | 2 |
| Euzelian; Φ M ; Vice-President of Georgia Club; Night-Hawks. | | | |
| RUTH FLANARY..... | Wise, Va..... | Tinnymment..... | 1 |
| TINA FONTAINE..... | Martinsville, Va..... | Main..... | 1 |

| NAME | HOME ADDRESS | SCHOOL ADDRESS | YEAR |
|--|------------------------|-----------------|------|
| CARRIE FLOYD..... | Hollins, Va..... | Home..... | |
| MYRTLE FLOYD..... | Hollins, Va..... | Home..... | |
| CLARA ELLEN FORBES..... | Montgomery, Ala..... | Waldorf..... | 1 |
| Euzelian; K. K. K.; Alabama Club; Night-Hawks; Kodak Club. | | | |
| EMMA FOWLKES..... | Sunnyside, Va..... | Main..... | 2 |
| Euzelian; M. T. | | | |
| MILDRED LEE FRANCIS..... | Norfolk, Va..... | Main..... | 2 |
| Euzelian; M. T. | | | |
| MARGUERITE FRANK..... | Dyersburg, Tenn..... | Waldorf..... | 1 |
| Euepian; Tennessee Club; Prowlers. | | | |
| ALICE GARTH..... | Huntsville, Ala..... | Waldorf..... | 2 |
| Euzelian; Φ M; Alabama Club. | | | |
| LOUISE GERWIG..... | Wilkesburg, Pa..... | Main..... | 1 |
| Yankee Club. | | | |
| MABEL GILCHRIST..... | Wheeling, W. Va..... | Waldorf..... | 1 |
| Yankee Club; West Virginia Club; Prowlers. | | | |
| WILLIE GOLDSBOROUGH..... | La Grange, Ky..... | Main..... | 1 |
| Kentucky Club. | | | |
| MINNIE BELLE GRANT..... | Chattanooga, Tenn..... | Waldorf..... | 2 |
| Euzelian; Δ T B; Mohican; President Y. W. C. A. 1905-'06; S. S. p. ? President of Tennessee Club. | | | |
| JULIA GRESHAM..... | Fulonia, S. C..... | Tinnymment..... | 1 |
| Euzelian; South Carolina Club; Σ Γ. | | | |
| JOSEPHINE HADEN..... | Fincastle, Va..... | Tinnymment..... | 4 |
| Euepian. | | | |
| MAY HALEY..... | Clifton Forge, Va..... | Waldorf..... | 1 |
| Euzelian; Kodak Club. | | | |
| LOUISE HALL..... | Dyersburg, Tenn..... | Waldorf..... | 2 |
| Euepian; X Σ; President Class '07; Quarterly Staff; Tennessee Club; "The Club That Never Was;" D—F. F.; Nymph. | | | |
| HELEN HARRELSON..... | Belton, Mo..... | Main..... | 2 |
| Missouri Club. | | | |
| ELOISE HARRIS..... | Hollins, Va..... | Cottage..... | 4 |
| ELIZA HARRISON..... | Talleysville, Va..... | Main..... | 2 |
| BONNIE HARSHBARGER..... | Hollins, Va..... | Home..... | |
| LENA HARSHBARGER..... | Hollins, Va..... | Home..... | |
| ROSE HAYWARD..... | New Orleans, La..... | Main..... | 2 |
| Euepian; Naughty-Naught; Dramatic Club; Black Cats; La Cuisine; "The Club That Never Was;" T. A. R.; Track Team. | | | |
| SULLY HAYWARD..... | New Orleans, La..... | Tinnymment..... | 2 |
| Euzelian; Naughty-Naught; Masker; Kodak Club. | | | |
| JESSIE HAZELRIGG..... | Asbury Park, N. J..... | Waldorf..... | 1 |
| Yankee Club; "The Club That Never Was." | | | |
| MARGARET HELMS..... | Helms, Va..... | Main..... | 1 |

| NAME | HOME ADDRESS | SCHOOL ADDRESS | YEAR |
|--|-----------------------------|-----------------|------|
| ANNIE HENDERSON..... | Blacksburg, Va..... | Waldorf..... | 1 |
| Euepian; K A. | | | |
| HELEN HENRIETZE..... | Welch, W. Va..... | Main..... | 1 |
| West Virginia Club. | | | |
| LOUISE HIGGINBOTHAM..... | Cedar Bluff, Va..... | Tinnymment..... | 2 |
| FANNY HILLIER..... | Crawford, N. J..... | Main..... | 1 |
| Euzelian; Yankee Club; Yemassee. | | | |
| ANNIE HOBBIIE..... | Roanoke, Va..... | Waldorf..... | 1 |
| Δ T B. | | | |
| CORBIN HOBBIIE..... | Roanoke, Va..... | Waldorf..... | 1 |
| Euzelian; Δ T B; T. G.; Cotillion Club; "The Club That Never Was." | | | |
| JEAN HOOPER..... | Denver, Col..... | Main..... | 1 |
| Euzelian; Σ Σ Σ; Black Cats; Polly Pryms; Yankee Club. | | | |
| HAZEL HOVER..... | Lima, Ohio..... | Waldorf..... | 2 |
| Yankee Club. | | | |
| SARAH HOWARD..... | Columbus, Ga..... | Waldorf..... | 1 |
| Euzelian; Georgia Club. | | | |
| PEARL HUDSON..... | Luray, Va..... | Main..... | 2 |
| Euzelian. | | | |
| MAYME JENNINGS..... | Roanoke, Va..... | Cottage..... | 1 |
| HELEN JOHNSTON..... | Christiansburg, Va..... | Waldorf..... | 3 |
| Π Γ. | | | |
| JUANITA JOHNSTON..... | Emet, Indian Territory..... | Cottage..... | 1 |
| ANNA JONES..... | San Antonio, Texas..... | Waldorf..... | 1 |
| Euepian; Skippers; Yemassee; Kodak Club. | | | |
| MARY JONES..... | Ridgeway, Va..... | Main..... | 3 |
| Π Γ. | | | |
| CATHERINE PAGE JONES..... | Louisville, Ky..... | Waldorf..... | 2 |
| Euzelian; Φ M Γ; Kentucky Club; D. A. M.; Night-Hawks; <i>Quarterly</i> Staff. | | | |
| MARY LOU KEARFOTT..... | Martinsville, Va..... | Main..... | 2 |
| Euzelian; M. T.; Mohican. | | | |
| NORA S. KELLEY..... | Knoxville, Tenn..... | Main..... | 1 |
| Euzelian; Π Γ; Tennessee Club. | | | |
| LOUISE KIRVEN..... | Wharton, Texas..... | Main..... | 1 |
| Texas Club. | | | |
| HELEN KENNEDY..... | Blackstone, Va..... | Main..... | 1 |
| LOUISE KERVEN..... | Chattanooga, Tenn..... | Waldorf..... | 2 |
| Tennessee Club; Prowlers. | | | |
| NATALIE KUTZ..... | Easton, Pa..... | Waldorf..... | 1 |
| Yankee Club. | | | |
| ELIZABETH KYLE..... | Columbus, Ga..... | Waldorf..... | 2 |
| Φ M; Georgia Club; Nymph; Treasurer Class 'o8. | | | |
| TRUXIE LACKLAND..... | Grove Hill, Ala..... | Main..... | 2 |
| Alabama Club; Σ Γ. | | | |

| NAME | HOME ADDRESS | SCHOOL ADDRESS | YEAR |
|--|-----------------------------|-----------------|------|
| WINIFRED LARKIN..... | Athens, Texas..... | Main..... | 1 |
| Texas Club; T. C. B. | | | |
| JANIE LAWSON..... | South Boston, Va..... | Main..... | 1 |
| Σ Γ. | | | |
| LENA LAYNE..... | Hollins, Va..... | Home..... | |
| NORA LAYNE..... | Hollins, Va..... | Home..... | |
| NORMA LEWELLIN..... | Vaundale, Ark..... | Main..... | 1 |
| Euepian. | | | |
| FRANCES LIGON..... | Anderson, S. C..... | Tinnymment..... | 3 |
| Euzelian; Φ M Γ; Editor-in-Chief of SPINSTER; Treasurer Class 'o6; Cabbage Patch; S. S. p ? South Carolina Club; Maskers; T. A. R. | | | |
| RICHIE LANE..... | Winchester, Ky..... | Waldorf..... | 1 |
| Kentucky Club. | | | |
| LUCY LOCKE..... | Titusville, Pa..... | Waldorf..... | 1 |
| Euzelian; Φ M; Yankee Club; Prowlers. | | | |
| FLORENCE LOCKHART..... | Paris, Ky..... | Tinnymment..... | 6 |
| Euzelian; T O H; Kentucky Club; Piker; Mohican; Dramatic Club. | | | |
| ELMA LOVE..... | Idabel, Ind. Territory..... | Waldorf..... | 2 |
| LUCILE LOYD..... | Lynchburg, Va..... | Main..... | 2 |
| Naughty-Naught; President of Lynchburg Club; Masker; T. A. R. | | | |
| LOULA LUCK..... | Houston, Va..... | Main..... | 2 |
| Σ Γ. | | | |
| LILA MACDONALD..... | Columbus, Ohio..... | Waldorf..... | 1 |
| Euzelian; Σ Σ Σ; Yankee Club. | | | |
| EDITH McFALL..... | Charleston, S. C..... | Tinnymment..... | 1 |
| Euzelian; Φ M Γ; Cabbage Patch; Dramatic Club; Cotillion Club; South Carolina Club; Track Team. | | | |
| BURTON McLAUGHLIN..... | Hollins, Va..... | Home..... | |
| EDITH McLAUGHLIN..... | Hollins, Va..... | Home..... | |
| MABEL McLAUGHLIN..... | Hollins, Va..... | Home..... | |
| MAY McLAUGHLIN..... | Hollins, Va..... | Home..... | |
| Class 'o6. | | | |
| VIRGINIA MAYERICK..... | San Antonio, Texas..... | Waldorf..... | 1 |
| Euepian; Skippers; Texas Club; San Antonio Club; X Σ. | | | |
| VIRGINIA MEANS..... | Birmingham, Ala..... | Waldorf..... | 2 |
| Euepian; Δ T B; Alabama Club; Prowlers; S. B. D. | | | |
| MARGARET MYERS..... | Lynchburg, Va..... | Main..... | 1 |
| Φ M; Lynchburg Club. | | | |
| ELISE MILES..... | University of Virginia..... | Main..... | 3 |
| Euzelian; Naughty-Naught; SPINSTER Staff; Masker; "The Club That Never Was." | | | |
| MARY MILES..... | Marion, Va..... | Main..... | 1 |
| ELLIE MILLS..... | Sherman, Texas..... | Waldorf..... | 1 |
| Euepian; T. C. B.; Texas Club. | | | |

| NAME | HOME ADDRESS | SCHOOL ADDRESS | YEAR |
|---|----------------------|-----------------|------|
| MABEL MILLER..... | Brooklyn, N. Y. | Main..... | 1 |
| Σ Σ Σ; Yankee Club; Black Cats. | | | |
| HALLIE MOORE..... | Lewisburg, W. Va. | Main..... | 1 |
| Black Cats; La Cuisine; West Virginia Club. | | | |
| GAY MONTAGUE..... | Richmond, Va. | Main..... | 1 |
| Capitol Club; La Cuisine. | | | |
| MARY MONTGOMERY..... | Fort Worth, Texas. | Waldorf..... | 1 |
| Euepian; Texas Club; T. C. B.; Skippers. | | | |
| ELIZABETH MORGAN..... | Bristol, Va. | Main..... | 1 |
| Euzelian. | | | |
| NELLIE MORRIS..... | Charlottesville, Va. | Tinnymment..... | 2 |
| Euzelian; Cabbage Patch. | | | |
| ANNIE MORTON..... | Gray, Ga. | Main..... | 1 |
| ELLEN LINN MOLTON..... | Birmingham, Ala. | Tinnymment..... | 1 |
| Alabama Club; S. B. D. | | | |
| ELLEN MULLINS..... | Floyd, Va. | Main..... | 1 |
| Euzelian. | | | |
| LOUISE MURPHY..... | Dallas, Texas. | Waldorf..... | 1 |
| Euepian; Dramatic Club; SPINSTER Artist; Texas Club; Cotillion Club; Track Team; Night-Hawks. | | | |
| SARA MUXEN..... | Chattanooga, Tenn. | Waldorf..... | 1 |
| II F; Tennessee Club. | | | |
| ETHEL NORTON..... | Birmingham, Ala. | Tinnymment..... | 1 |
| Euzelian; Yemassee; Alabama Club; S. B. D. | | | |
| LAURA NOTTINGHAM..... | Eastville, Va. | Main..... | 2 |
| II F. | | | |
| LALAGE OATES..... | Asheville, N. C. | Waldorf..... | 1 |
| K A; Nymph; D—F. F.; Track Team. | | | |
| MARY PAXTON..... | Independence, Mo. | Main..... | 1 |
| Euepian; Δ T B; La Cuisine; Yemassee; Missouri Club. | | | |
| JOSEPHINE PEASE..... | Johnson City, Tenn. | Tinnymment..... | 1 |
| Euzelian; Tennessee Club. | | | |
| MARJORIE PEASE..... | Johnson City, Tenn. | Tinnymment..... | 1 |
| Euzelian; Tennessee Club. | | | |
| MARY PEED..... | Mays Lick, Ky. | Main..... | 1 |
| Kentucky Club. | | | |
| LILLIAN PERRY..... | Roanoke, Va. | Waldorf..... | 3 |
| T. G.; Night-Hawks. | | | |
| REBEKAH PHILLIPS..... | St. Louis, Mo. | Tinnymment..... | 2 |
| Euzelian; Γ O II; Mohican; Piker; Leggings; Dramatic Club; Missouri Club; "The Club That Never Was;" T. A. R. | | | |
| CARRIE POOL..... | Newberry, S. C. | Waldorf..... | 2 |
| Euzelian; T. K.; South Carolina Club; Prowlers. | | | |
| MAUD POINDEXTER..... | Fredericks Hall, Va. | Main..... | 2 |

| NAME | HOME ADDRESS | SCHOOL ADDRESS | YEAR |
|--|--------------------|-----------------|------|
| ELIZABETH PORTER..... | Memphis, Tenn. | Waldorf..... | 2 |
| Euzelian; K Δ; SPINSTER Staff; Leader of Mohican Rooters; Vice-President of Tennessee Club; "The Club That Never Was." | | | |
| ANNIE POWELL..... | Wytheville, Va. | Main..... | 1 |
| Euzelian. | | | |
| ZAIDA PULTZ..... | Lexington, Va. | Main..... | 1 |
| PAULINE PURCELL..... | Lexington, Ky. | Tinnymment..... | 3 |
| Euepian; II O F; Piker; Kentucky Club; Dramatic Club; "The Club That Never Was;" Kodak Club. | | | |
| LUCY PURYEAR..... | Orange, Va. | Tinnymment..... | 3 |
| Euzelian. | | | |
| SELENE RADFORD..... | Forest, Va. | Waldorf..... | 2 |
| Euzelian; Vice-President Class '07; Prowlers. | | | |
| EUDORA RAMSEY..... | Charleston, S. C. | Tinnymment..... | 1 |
| Euepian; T. K.; South Carolina Club. | | | |
| MARY RANDOLPH..... | Evinston, Va. | Main..... | 1 |
| Euzelian. | | | |
| JULIA RICHARDSON..... | Austin, Texas. | Waldorf..... | 2 |
| Euepian; X Σ; Treasurer Texas Club; D—F. F.; San Antonio Club. | | | |
| NINA RICHARDSON..... | Austin, Texas. | Waldorf..... | 2 |
| Euepian; X Σ; Texas Club; D—F. F.; San Antonio Club. | | | |
| ELSIE ROBINSON..... | Lima, Ohio. | Waldorf..... | 2 |
| Yankee Club. | | | |
| COURTNEY ROUNTREE..... | Richmond, Va. | Main..... | 3 |
| Euzelian; Σ F; Capitol Club. | | | |
| NEWELL ROUNTREE..... | Richmond, Va. | Main..... | 2 |
| Capitol Club; Σ F. | | | |
| MARGARET RUCKER..... | Welch, W. Va. | Main..... | 1 |
| Euzelian; West Virginia Club. | | | |
| KATHERINE SANDUSKY..... | Lexington, Ky. | Waldorf..... | 1 |
| Kentucky Club. | | | |
| ROSE SATTERFIELD..... | Richmond, Va. | Waldorf..... | 3 |
| Euepian; Δ T B; SPINSTER Staff; President Class '06; Mohican; Chairman of Student Body; President of Athletic Association; President Capitol Club; Lightfeet; Nymph; Cotillion Club; D—F. F.; T. A. R. | | | |
| ETHEL SAVORY..... | Trenton, N. J. | Main..... | 2 |
| Euepian; Σ Σ Σ; Mohican; Yankee Club; Polly Pryms; Black Cats. | | | |
| CHARLIE MAE SCOTT..... | Fort Worth, Texas. | Main..... | 2 |
| Euepian; Texas Club. | | | |
| MARY SCOTT..... | Petersburg, Va. | Cottage..... | 1 |
| Euepian; Σ Σ Σ; Cotillion Club; W. C. A. | | | |
| ANNIE SEAY..... | Blackstone, Va. | Main..... | 2 |
| Euzelian; M. T. | | | |
| BYRD SEGAR..... | Jacksonville, Fla. | Waldorf..... | 1 |
| Prowlers. | | | |

| NAME | HOME ADDRESS | SCHOOL ADDRESS | YEAR |
|--|-------------------------------|-----------------|------|
| SALLIE SHEPHERD..... | Palmyra, Va..... | Main..... | 1 |
| Euzelian. | | | |
| BESSIE SHIELDS..... | New Orleans, La..... | Cottage..... | 1 |
| SIDNEY SHIELDS..... | New Orleans, La..... | Cottage..... | 1 |
| Euepian; Dramatic Club. | | | |
| GRACE SHIPP..... | Dallas, Texas..... | Tinnymment..... | 1 |
| Euepian; Texas Club; Cabbage Patch. | | | |
| MARION SHIPP..... | St. Louis, Mo..... | Waldorf..... | 2 |
| Euepian; SPINSTER Artist; Missouri Club; Prowlers. | | | |
| EVELINE SHIREY..... | Bluefield, W. Va..... | Tinnymment..... | 2 |
| West Virginia Club. | | | |
| ANNA SHOTWELL..... | New Orleans, La..... | Cottage..... | 2 |
| Euepian. | | | |
| OLIVE SLAUGHTER..... | Muscogee, Ind. Territory..... | Main..... | 1 |
| Σ Σ Σ. | | | |
| EUGENIA SMITH..... | Prattville, Ala..... | Waldorf..... | 2 |
| Euzelian; K. K. K.; President Alabama Club. | | | |
| ROY SMITH..... | Martinsville, Va..... | Main..... | 1 |
| RUBY SMITH..... | Lynchburg, Va..... | Waldorf..... | 1 |
| Euzelian; Prowlers; Lynchburg Club. | | | |
| RUTH SMITH..... | Luray, Va..... | Main..... | 1 |
| Euzelian. | | | |
| WINIFRED SNOW..... | High Point, N. C..... | Main..... | 1 |
| M T. | | | |
| FRANCES STEINER..... | San Antonio, Texas..... | Waldorf..... | 2 |
| Euepian; X Σ; Vice-President of Texas Club; Skipper; Yemassee; San Antonio Club. | | | |
| HELEN STEINER..... | Montgomery, Ala..... | Waldorf..... | 1 |
| A Σ; Lightfeet; Nymph; Kodak Club; Alabama Club; "The Club That Never Was." | | | |
| KATE STEINER..... | Montgomery, Ala..... | Waldorf..... | 3 |
| Euzelian; Naughty-Naught; Lightfeet; Alabama Club; Nymph; Cotillion Club; "The Club That Never Was." | | | |
| KATE STONE..... | Hurt, Va..... | Main..... | 1 |
| MARY STONE..... | Hurt, Va..... | Main..... | 1 |
| Euzelian. | | | |
| JOSEPHINE SUSONG..... | Savannah, Ga..... | Waldorf..... | 2 |
| Georgia Club; D. A. M.; Night-Hawks; Kodak Club. | | | |
| BRANCH SUTHERLAND..... | Richmond, Va..... | Main..... | 1 |
| Capitol Club. | | | |
| EVELYN TALBOTT..... | Elkins, W. Va..... | Cottage..... | 5 |
| Euepian; Σ Σ Σ; Captain of Mohican Team; Secretary and Treasurer of West Virginia Club; W. C. A. | | | |
| MARGUERITE TALBOTT..... | Elkins, W. Va..... | Cottage..... | 2 |
| Euepian; Σ Σ Σ; West Virginia Club; W. C. A. | | | |

| NAME | HOME ADDRESS | SCHOOL ADDRESS | YEAR |
|--|-------------------------|-----------------|------|
| CABELL TAYLOR..... | Hollins, Va..... | Home..... | |
| ELIZABETH THATCHER..... | Somerset, Ky..... | Waldorf..... | 1 |
| Euzelian; Φ M Γ; Kentucky Club; D. A. M.; Night-Hawks; Kodak Club; "The Club That Never Was;" Masker. | | | |
| ETHEL THOMAS..... | Estill Springs, Ky..... | Tinnymment..... | 4 |
| Euzelian; Naughty-Naught; Piker; Kentucky Club; Leggings; T. A. R.; Cotillion Club; SPINSTER Artist. | | | |
| ANNIE THORNHILL..... | Covington, Va..... | Main..... | 1 |
| IRENE THRASH..... | Memphis, Tenn..... | Tinnymment..... | 1 |
| Euepian; Tennessee Club; Cabbage Patch. | | | |
| SOPHIA TILLMAN..... | Trenton, S. C..... | Tinnymment..... | 1 |
| Euepian; Γ O Π; South Carolina Club; Cabbage Patch; Dramatic Club. | | | |
| ORA TURNER..... | Lester, W. Va..... | Cottage..... | 1 |
| Euepian; West Virginia Club. | | | |
| ANNA VAN SANN..... | Asbury Park, N. J..... | Main..... | 3 |
| Yankee Club. | | | |
| LULU VIRDEN..... | Montgomery, Ala..... | Waldorf..... | 3 |
| Euzelian; Naughty-Naught; Lightfeet; Nymph; Alabama Club; "Club That Never Was;" T. A. R. | | | |
| BERNEY RAY WADDELL..... | Meridian, Miss..... | Waldorf..... | 1 |
| K. K. K.; Prowlers. | | | |
| NANNIE WADDELL..... | Cambridge, Md..... | Main..... | 1 |
| Hazel Walker..... | Fort Worth, Texas..... | Waldorf..... | 1 |
| T. C. B.; Texas Club; Prowlers. | | | |
| MARIETTA WALKUP..... | Roanoke, Va..... | Tinnymment..... | 4 |
| MARY WATTS..... | Staunton, Va..... | Waldorf..... | 5 |
| T. G.; Night-Hawks. | | | |
| FLORENCE WEATHERLY..... | Birmingham, Ala..... | Tinnymment..... | 1 |
| Alabama Club; S. B. D. | | | |
| ELIZABETH WELLS..... | Fort Worth, Texas..... | Waldorf..... | 1 |
| Euepian; T. C. B.; Texas Club; Prowlers; Kodak Club. | | | |
| GRACE WEST..... | Waverly, Va..... | Main..... | 1 |
| Euzelian; Φ M. | | | |
| LILY WEST..... | Richmond, Va..... | Tinnymment..... | 4 |
| Euepian; Naughty-Naught; Secretary and Treasurer of Capitol Club; President of Cotillion Club; Vice-President of Y. W. C. A. 1905-'06. | | | |
| EUNICE WETMORE..... | Muncie, Ind..... | Cottage..... | 2 |
| Σ Σ Σ; | | | |
| JEANNE WHEELER..... | Indianapolis, Ind..... | Tinnymment..... | 1 |
| Γ O Π; Yankee Club; Piker; Track Team. | | | |
| MADELINE WICKS..... | Houston, Texas..... | Main..... | 2 |
| Euepian; Texas Club; Bachelor's Club; Yemassee. | | | |
| MURIEL WICKS..... | Houston, Texas..... | Main..... | 1 |
| Texas Club; Yemassee. | | | |

| NAME | HOME ADDRESS | SCHOOL ADDRESS | YEAR |
|--------------------------|---|-----------------|------|
| MARY WILBUR..... | Charleston, S. C..... | Waldorf..... | 2 |
| | Euzelian; T. K.; South Carolina Club; Treasurer of Y. W. C. A., 1906-'07; Prowlers. | | |
| MAYME WILLIAMS..... | Kansas City, Mo..... | Main..... | 1 |
| | Missouri Club; Yankee Club. | | |
| VIRGINIA WILLINGHAM..... | Macon, Ga..... | Waldorf..... | 2 |
| | Euzelian; Φ M; President of Georgia Club; Treasurer of Y. W. C. A., 1905-'06; Assistant Business Manager of SPINSTER and <i>Quarterly</i> . | | |
| HAZLE WILLIS..... | Vicksburg, Miss..... | Main..... | 2 |
| | Bachelor's Club. | | |
| HELEN WILSON..... | Denver, Col..... | Main..... | 1 |
| | Euzelian; Yankee Club; Black Cats. | | |
| SUSIE WILSON..... | Arvonnia, Va..... | Main..... | 4 |
| | Euzelian; Class '06; Yemassee. | | |
| MARY LOU WILSON..... | Birmingham, Ala..... | Tinnymment..... | 1 |
| | Euzelian; Alabama Club; S. B. D. | | |
| JANE WINGFIELD..... | Charlottesville, Va..... | Tinnymment..... | 1 |
| | Euzelian; Cabbage Patch. | | |
| ELLEN WITT..... | Richmond, Va..... | Main..... | 2 |
| | Euepian; Naughty-Naught; Capitol Club; President of Class '08; Vice-President of Y. W. C. A., 1906-'07; Black Cats; Masker; La Cuisine. | | |
| CECIL WITTEN..... | Martinsville, Va..... | Main..... | 1 |
| CLAUDIA WOOD..... | Little Rock, Ark..... | Waldorf..... | 2 |
| | Euepian; X Σ; Leader of Yemassee Rooters; D—F. F.; "Club That Never Was." | | |
| LOUISE WOODWARD..... | Baltimore, Md..... | Waldorf..... | 1 |
| | Euzelian; Naughty-Naught; "Club That Never Was." | | |
| HARRIET WOODROOF..... | Mooreville, Ala..... | Waldorf..... | 4 |
| | Euepian; K. K. K.; Treasurer of Alabama Club; Nymph; Kodak Club. | | |
| MILDRED WOOLFORD..... | Cambridge, Md..... | Main..... | 2 |
| | SPINSTER Artist; Bachelor's Club; Cotillion Club. | | |
| BENTLEY WYSOR..... | Clifton Forge, Va..... | Main..... | 2 |
| | Euzelian. | | |



FRESH



Freshman Class

OFFICERS

CLARE DENMAN *President*
 VIRGINIA BULLITT *Vice-President*
 AILEEN AUSTIN *Secretary and Treasurer*
 TERRY TRUX LACKLAND *Historian*

CLASS ROLL

| | |
|---------------------|------------------|
| MARGUERITTE FRANK | LUCILE DUDLEY |
| HAZEL WALKER | HELEN HENRITZIE |
| ELLIE MILLS | JANEY LAWSON |
| MARTHA CANTY | MARGARET RUCKER |
| MARJORIE PEASE | ELIZA HARRISON |
| MAY HALEY | MARY RANDOLPH |
| EUDORA RAMSEY | ALLEEN AUSTIN |
| GENEVIEVE COLLINS | CLARE DENMAN |
| MAUD CANADA | VIRGINIA BULLITT |
| TERRY TRUX LACKLAND | |



FRESHMAN CLASS

History of the Freshman Class

AMONG the memorable events in history, the formation of the Freshman Class of 1909 is, to our minds, one of the most impressive. How eagerly did we wait for September the thirteenth, that momentous day, when we for the first time faced the perplexities of college life. But unabashed by these problems of organization and our own inexperience, we came forward with as much enthusiasm and college spirit as if each Freshman had been a young Solomon.

On our arrival at Hollins, we were confronted by the dignity of the Faculty, awe-inspiring Seniors, aspiring Juniors, to say nothing of knowing Sophomores. But we were undaunted by this array of superiority, for we were the Hollins Freshmen!

Our Class was organized in due time, and by election the following officers were installed:—Miss Clare Denman, President; Miss Virginia Bullitt, Vice-President; Miss Aileen Austin, Secretary and Treasurer. Later we chose for our Class colors, black and gold, under which we hope to graduate in 1909.

TERRY TRUX LACKLAND.





Sophomore Class

OFFICERS

| | |
|------------------------|-----------------------|
| ELLEN WITT | <i>President</i> |
| MILDRED BRADFORD | <i>Vice-President</i> |
| LOUISE CLARK | <i>Secretary</i> |
| ELIZABETH KYLE | <i>Treasurer</i> |

CLASS ROLL

| | |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| ROSE HAYWARD | ELLEN WITT |
| IRENE BOWLES | NELL ANDERSON |
| REBEKAH PHILLIPS | MILDRED BRADFORD |
| SULLY HAYWARD | LELIA BARKER |
| MAY BOLTON | ELIZABETH KYLE |
| LAURA ARMITAGE | BERNEY RAY WADDELL |
| FRANCES STEINER | JANE WINGFIELD |
| GRACE WEST | LOUISE CLARKE |
| ELIZABETH CURTIS | ADA CALDWELL |
| CLARINDA CRUPPER | JEAN HOOPER |
| JOSEPHINE SUSONG | CLAUDIA WOOD |
| LOIS CALDWELL | HELEN WILSON |
| EDITH MCFALL | VIRGINIA MAVERICK |
| WILLIE GOLDSBOROUGH | CECIL WHITTEN |
| CANDIS BATSON | CLARE ELLEN FORBES |
| JOSEPHINE PEASE | ROY SMITH |



SOPHOMORES

Sophomore Class History

BY the grace of our noble ruler, was I, even I appointed scribe of the band of Sophomores (which being translated meaneth, "She who satisfieth herself," in the country of Hollins (which likewise meaneth,

"Land of the knowledge-hungry.")

Behold! on the twentieth day of September in the year of our school life two we assembled. It was decided that the Sophs. were a mighty people.

And again we met, deciding after weighty discussions that we might speak to a "Freshie" on the campus.

A third time we met and upon this occasion wrangled over the outward symbol of our body.

Now it happened that a sign of magnitude summoned us to our council chamber where we were informed that an enemy loomed before us whose name was "Study." Then indeed we saw that the monster must be attacked with clear brain and a willing determination. So we fight the good fight, and soon will our standard be raised in triumph when the days of June (which meaneth "the days when all things are finished") are come.

MILDRED L. BRADFORD.

IN MEMORIAM

Isabel Abercrombie

Died October 9th, 1905





Junior Class

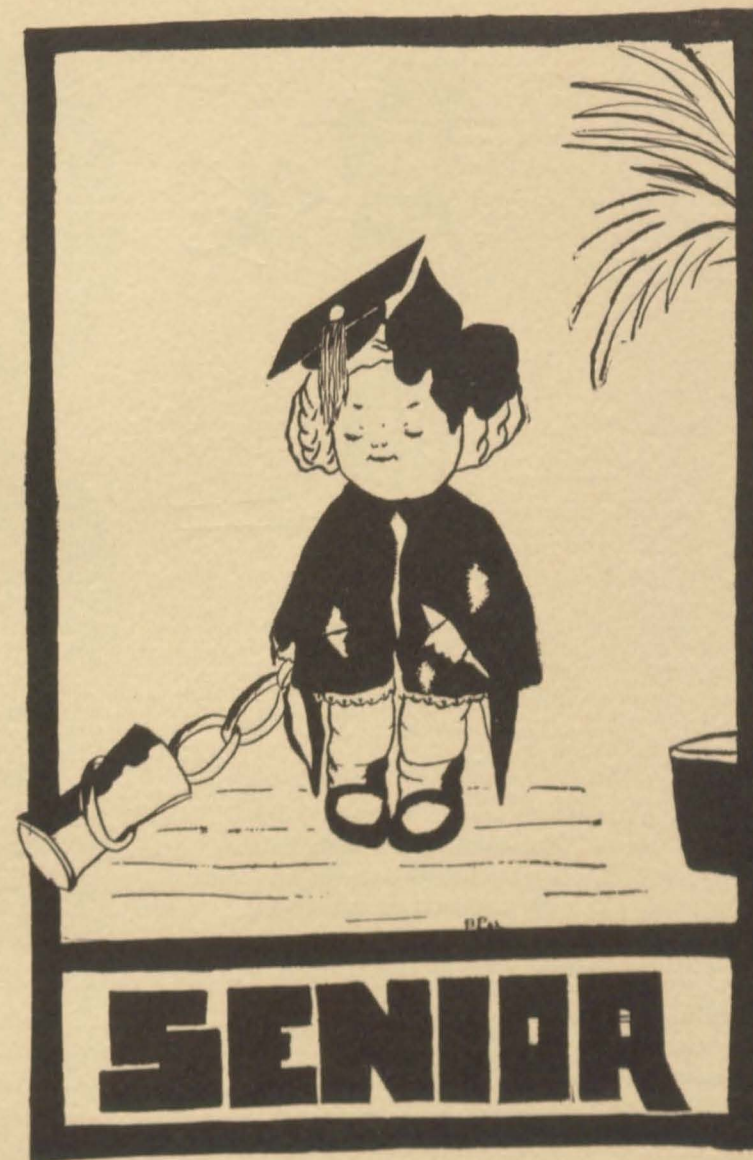
OFFICERS

| | |
|-------------------------|--------------------------------|
| LOUISE HALL | <i>President</i> |
| SELENE N. RADFORD | <i>Vice-President</i> |
| LORA CRUMP | <i>Secretary and Treasurer</i> |
| ANNA CAMPBELL | <i>Historian</i> |

ROLL CALL

| | |
|---------------|------------------|
| ANNA CAMPBELL | MARY COLLINS |
| LORA CRUMP | ANNIE DARLINGTON |
| LOUISE HALL | FANNY D. HILLIER |
| PEARL HUDSON | NELL MORRIS |
| MARY PAXTON | SELENE RADFORD |







Class of 1906

Colors

Black and Gold

Yell

Rub-a-dub-dub—hulla baloo
We are the girls to Hollins true
Can any beat us, nixety-nix
We are the girls of 1906.

OFFICERS

| | |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------|
| ROSE MCGUIRE SATTERFIELD..... | <i>President</i> |
| MARY STUART COCKE | <i>Vice-President</i> |
| MARY GOOCH ANDERSON | <i>Secretary</i> |
| FRANCES KINGSLEY LIGON..... | <i>Treasurer</i> |
| FLOSSIE FLOYD DENMAN | <i>Historian</i> |

Senior Class



MARY GOOCH ANDERSON, A. B. Virginia

Quarterly Staff, '05-'06; Euzelian, Secretary Class, '06.

Nine noble Seniors a temptin' of Fate;
This one got engaged, then there were eight.



LALLIE LEE CARPENTER, A. B. Virginia

Naughty-Naught, Assistant Business Manager SPINSTER and *Quarterly*, '04-'05; Business Manager SPINSTER and *Quarterly*, '05-'06; Mohican '03-'04, '04-'05, '05-'06; Euepian; Secretary and Treasurer Class '02-'03; Vice-President Class '03-'04; Secretary and Treasurer Class '04-'05; Poet Class '05-'06.

Eight earnest Seniors workin' like h—eaven,
Overdose of pictures in SPINSTER leaves us seven



MARY STUART COCKE, A. B. Virginia

Naughty-Naught; Euepian; President Class '02-'03; President Class, '03-'04; Editor-in-Chief *Quarterly*, '05-'06; SPINSTER Staff, '04-'05; Vice-President Final Meeting, '06; Vice-President Class '05-'06; Recording Secretary of Student Body, '05-'06. T. A. R.; Maskers.

Seven scared Seniors a puttin' in hard licks,
Quarterly got this one, and then there were six.



ROY E. DENMAN, A. B.Texas

X Σ; Euepian; Final President Euepian, '05-'06; President Lee Evening, '04; *Quarterly* Staff, '05-'06; President Texas Club, '03-'04, '05-'06; Prophet Class, '06; Final President Euepian, '04-'05; Secretary and Treasurer Texas Club, '04-'05.

Six solemn Seniors are all that survive
This one swallowed the Euepians, then there were five.



FLOSSIE FLOYD DENMAN, A. B.Texas

X Σ; K. K. K.; *Quarterly* Staff, '03-'04, '04-'05; SPINSTER Staff, '05-'06; Historian Class, '06, '02-'06; Yemassee Team, '04-'05; Captain Yemassee Team, '05-'06; Treasurer Texas Club, '03-'04; President Texas Club, '04-'05; Secretary Texas Club, '05-'06; President Euepian Society Lee Evening, '06; Vice-President Athletic Association, '05-'06.

Five fearful Seniors feeling powerful sore;
One tried to sing a Class Song, then there were four.



FRANCES KINGSLEY LIGON, A. B.South Carolina

Φ M Γ; Euzelian; Editor-in-Chief SPINSTER, '05-'06; *Quarterly* Staff, '04-'05; President of Euzelian Open Meeting, '06; Vice-President Class '04-'05; Treasurer Class '06. T. A. R.; Maskers.

Four fading Seniors sad as sad can be
Roanoke proves alluring, then there were three.



MAY McLAUGHLIN, A. B.Virginia

Three tired Seniors, too much work to do
The stage called this one, then there were two.



ROSE MCGUIRE SATTERFIELD, A. B.Virginia

Δ T B; T. A. R.; President Class '06; President Junior Class, '04-'05; Mohican, '03-'04, '04-'05, '05-'06; Euepian; SPINSTER Staff, '04-'05, '05-'06; Vice-President Athletic Association, '04-'05; President Athletic Association, '05-'06; Secretary and Treasurer Capitol Club, '03-'04; President Capitol Club, '04-'05, '05-'06; Chairman of Student Body, '05-'06; Cotillion Club; Vice-President Lee Evening, '06; Secretary Final Meeting, '06.

Two thoughtful Seniors ain't having any fun
This one lost her dignity, then there was *one*



SUSIE WILSON, A. B.Virginia

One only Senior a lookin' mighty glum;
She went to the dentist and then there was *none*.

A Tale of the Senior Class

AND I grew weary of the sordid deeds of the every-day world of the twenty-first century and my heart was bitter, for I saw no good in people. Sadly I wandered forth from the busy turmoil and presently, I know not how, I found myself in a high-vaulted chamber, where the dim light strayed through arched windows and lit up the dusty tomes, with which the high shelves were laden.

¶ And, in an alcove, seated at the feet of an image "Peace," I saw an old man, gray-bearded, who read a little volume bound in green and on the cover were emblazoned, in curious device, the figures "1906." Then a voice, other than my own, seemed to speak for me, and it said: "Oh, father, I seek balm for my troubled heart. Tell me of some writing that I may read, which, perchance, may gladden me, for at present my soul is sick of what is here, and I wish to learn of nobler things that have been." Then the old man spoke—and his voice was very gentle: "Search, my daughter, among all these tomes and read what you will." And for many hours I sought but in vain. I read many passages of history, but all seemed bitter, for in each I found sordid failure.

¶ Then, finally, the old man gave me the book he held, and said, "Take then this little volume—the record of noble deeds, nobly done." So I seated myself between two statutes—one of "Knowledge," and

the other of "Victory," and turned the leaves and read therein the History of the Senior Class of Hollins. Then peace fell upon my soul for truly it was the record of noble endeavor amply rewarded, the story of four years of mingled success and failure. Yet, where there *had* been failure, it was brave and successful, even in defeat. And I saw that this Class of 1906 had held a high position. There had been only nine Seniors in all, yet so faithfully had they striven, that their Class, of all others, had been placed first, and its members had been granted the highest degree that all Hollins could bestow. Their position had been unique, for they were the first A. B. Class of Hollins, and were held and praised as such.

¶ Not only in their knowledge did they surpass all others, but also in histrionic talent for they gave a beautiful pageant, whose fame still endures. And every one of them was deemed exceeding beautiful and wise—for they were Seniors in everything—Seniors in knowledge, Seniors in nobility and purity, Seniors in love, and Seniors in graciousness and wisdom.

¶ And as I reluctantly closed the vellum-covered volume, I heard the joyous song of a little bird drift through the casement, seeming to glorify the successful attainment of lofty ambitions.

FLOSSIE F. DENMAN.

Medley.

(Carry Me Back to Old Virginny)

Then carry me back to dear old Hollins,
That's where diplomas are so awfully hard to get,
That's where the triangle wakes you early in the morning,
With—(spoken):

(Willie I Love You)

Oh Seniors I'm a callin, oh, Seniors don't you hear,
If you think you can sleep late, what a foolish idea;

(Fishing)

For dreaming, dreaming is one of the worst of arts,
Whether you dream of diplomas or whether you dream of

(Any Rags)

Your digs and your works and your toils to-day,
Of your fails and your flunks and your squelches to pay
But we will be happy and we will be gay,
And we'll never give way to our sorrow
If you won't

(Won't You Fondle Me)

Demerit us, pray don't demerit us,
Squelch us all you want to in that same old way,
Drag us from the closet as we hear you say

(There is a Boarding School)

That we are a Senior Class that digs Saxon roots,
Cummings is our teacher stern,
And you can bet (spoken):

(I'm Wearing My Heart Away)

We're wearing our brains away for you
They cry for reports of golden hue,
But if you don't think we'll pass
We'll

(Work for the Night is Coming)

Work for Commencement is coming
When we'll take A. B.'s.

(Bullfrog on the Bank)

Oh, the alphabet is so long that we can not take it all,
Oh, the alphabet is so long that we can not take it all,
Oh, the alphabet is so long that we can not take it all,
We'll take A B and cut out C.

(How'd You Like to Spoon With Me)

How'd you like to be a Senior,
How'd you like to be a Senior,
Each with a diploma smooth and yellow,
Each and every one a jolly fellow
For we

(Drink the High Ball)

Drink to Hollins at all times
Being Seniors while we may,
For to-morrow may bring sorrow
Let's be joyous and be gay.

(Wedding March)

For here come exams.
See how she crams,
Each with a candle and book in her hand,
But then (spoken):

(Good Old Summer Time)

In the good old summer time,
In the good old summer time
No fear of squelches or of flunks
And that's a very good sign.

(Spanish Student)

That we are the jolly gay Seniors of '06 the greatest of all,
We are A. B.'s, we are care-free
May our temperature never grow cold.

(The Volunteer)

The teachers all are fond of us
As you can plainly see,
Our Lit. Professor calls us in
To view his tapestry,
Miss Terrell measures history
By furlongs, yards and miles
And you can (spoken):

(Coax Me)

Coax her, go on and coax her,
But she doesn't yield a bit,
She will only lengthen it,
But coax her, go on and coax her,
You'll get a written lesson if you coax her.

(Clementine)

Physiology, physiology, physiology Dr. Drake,
How we love you and those cannon balls
That you often make us take.

(Love)

French is madness, French is sadness,
You will laugh and you will sigh,
It will fool you, it will rule you,
It will live and you will die.

(We've Been Working on the Railroad)

We've been working on our logic all the live-long year,
We have finished Senior Latin and this we do not fear.

(What's the Matter With the Moon To-Night)

What's the matter with Chemistry?
It's not the same old cinch,
You burn your fingers and you singe your brows
Though you sit on the very back bench,

(Jingle Bells)

Geometry, Trigonometry, Analytics, say,
Oh! what fun it is to flunk these classes every day.
Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha,
Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha.

(C—h—i—c—ken)

C am de way you begin,
O Miss-a Williamsin,
M surely am de third,
P gives the clue to de word,
O Miss-a Williamsin,
S am de next letter in
I shun, you shun, we shun—
Composition!

(Nigger Chile Bowlegged)

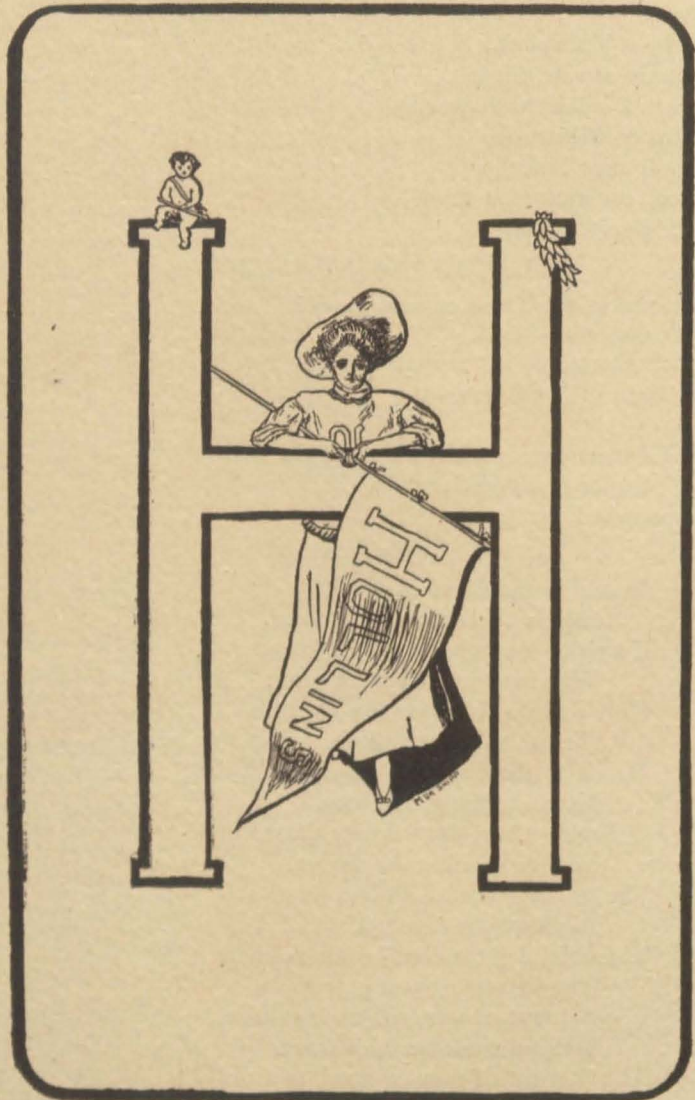
What makes this Class so very small?
We're only nine in all,
We left the others in the rear
Way back in Freshman year.

CHO.:

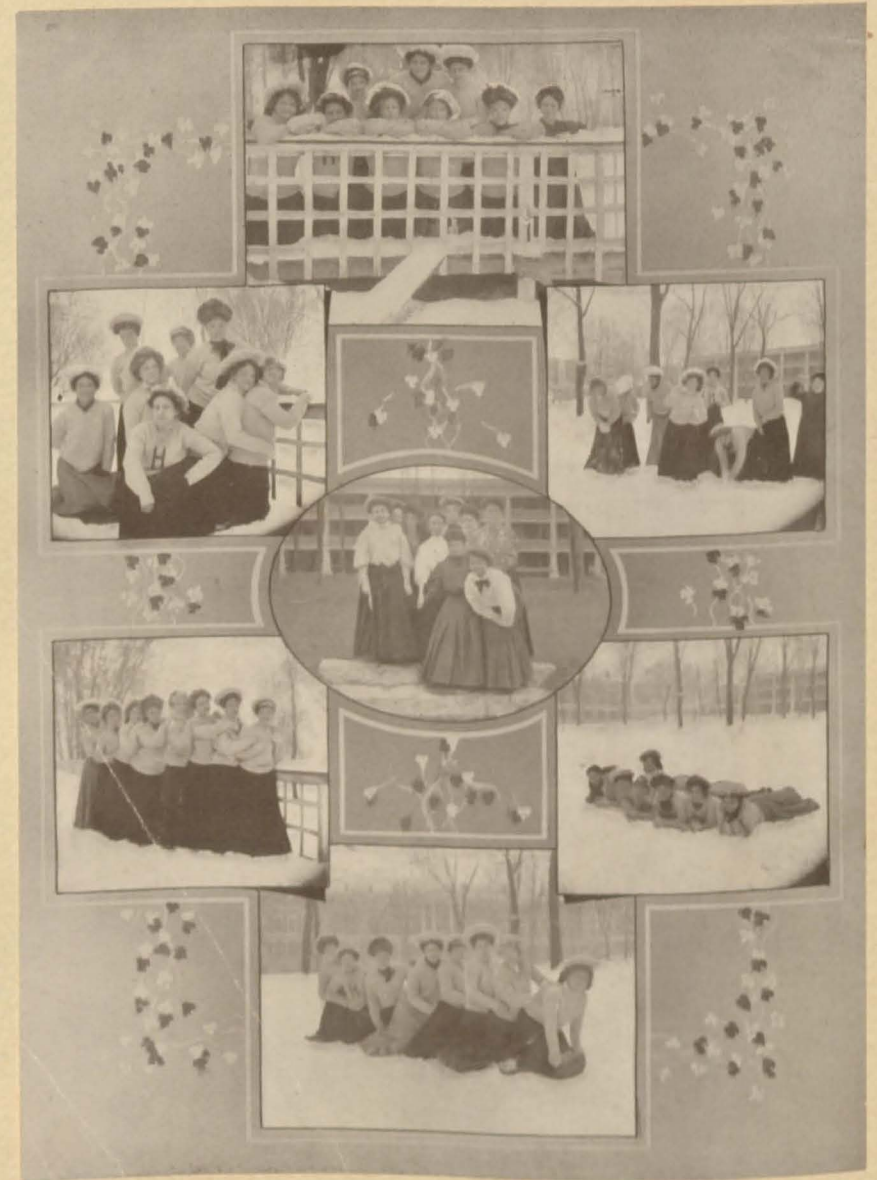
Oh! I'll meet you dar, oh! I'll meet you dar,
Senior Class bowlegged;
They worked too hard

(Heidelberg)

Here's to the Class of 1906,
Here's to her members dear,
Here's to the other girls we knew
Way back in Freshman year;
Here's to the flag we raise on high,
E'en to the stars above,
Here's to the Class of 1906,
Here's to the girls I love.
O Senior Class, dear Senior Class,
Thy girls will ne'er forget,
The golden haze of Hollins days
Is round about us yet.
Those days of yore will come no more
But with the passing years,
The thought of you, so good, so true,
Will fill our eyes with tears.
The thought of you, so good, so true,
Will fill our eyes with tears.



"For dreaming, dreaming is one of the worst of arts,
Whether you dream of diplomas or whether you dream of ——"



'06



Love in a Garden

IN the dewy mist of early morning, the garden seemed a veritable paradise and a place where Love would forever abide. The carefully-pruned boxwood hedges guarding either side of the walks, and the stately oaks spreading their protecting arms far out over the lawn, seemed a surety that harm and unhappiness would always have to beat a hasty retreat if they tried to enter here. On the right was the rustic cedar-house, with hundreds of morning-glories clambering up its sides, all of which were wide-awake, ready to receive the first smile of the sun. And through the door of the cedar-house, the glories of the flower garden itself were revealed. Flowers everywhere! Trellises covered with roses, and beds of cinnamon pinks, heliotrope, and Sweet William, while on the morning breeze was wafted the mingled fragrance of lilacs and jessamine.

"Law, Miss Betty, you jes' know our garden's prettier'n the Colonel's," said Patsy, skipping along by the side of her mistress. "He ain't got no holly-hawks."

"That's right, Patsy, this *is* the dearest garden, and I love every flower in it," answered Elizabeth, lifting up her head and taking deep breaths of the fresh air.

"Come on, and run a race with me to the cedar-house,"—and before Patsy could answer, Elizabeth was off down the walk.

When both had reached the house breathless, Patsy in the lead, the latter stopped short, and with arms akimbo and eyes rolled up, said:

"Law, honey child, what's de matter wid you dis mornin'? Here you is up before de sun, when every other mornin' you gits mad if I calls you by ten o'clock—an mo'n dat, you don' gone so far as to run down here to the hous' with me. Honey, is your min' worried?"

A shadow immediately crossed Elizabeth's face, and rather impatiently she answered:

"Nothing's wrong, Patsy, but I just couldn't sleep last night, and then, too, the morning air is so refreshing. Run on into the garden now, and don't come back until I call—do you hear?"

And Patsy, on hearing that impatient note, with one bewildered glance at Elizabeth, disappeared among the bushes muttering, "Air freshing—didn't sleep—no, she didn't sleep, 'case I heerd her crying to herself 'most all night, and onct she whispered, 'He can't—he won't do it'—I jest bet hit's 'bout Marse Rob and de war—Patsy, you make yourself scare!"

When left alone, Elizabeth sat down on one of the cedar benches, and buried her face in her hands. Presently though, she looked up, a happy smile crossed her face, and walking to the door, she looked eagerly toward the gate.

"Never mind, Mr. Robert Thomas, I'll make you eat humble pie.—The idea of your having principles—and Federal principles at that! You think the Confederacy is all wrong, do you, and you think a man should stick to his own principles, no matter if it costs him his life's happiness. You certainly were in a crazy mood last night, and even tried to make me think you were in earnest. Never mind, if I am your life's happiness, as you say, I'll certainly make you *think* it's costing you something, just to cure you of your crazy notions—I marry a Yankee? Never! But I wonder why he doesn't come? He is always on time, and here I have been waiting almost half an hour." And again Elizabeth peered anxiously down the path.

Seeing no one, she went back to the rustic bench and sat down to wait. What difference did it make if he was late—it was so lovely to sit and dream of his coming, of how he would come in at the door, an expectant light in his eyes, and say, "Betty, I would forfeit anything rather than *your* love!"

And what would she do? Elizabeth straightened up at the thought, and with a mischievous gleam in her dark eyes, shook her finger at the post opposite, and said with great dignity:

"Well, I am glad you have come to your senses! The idea of your even insinuating that you were in sympathy with the Yankees in my father's house, and in *my* presence. And then to tell me that even though it would

kill you, you would give me up, rather than your principles, if you finally decided it was right for you to join the Federals. You are truly a bold man, and I realize the loss the Yankees have sustained in losing you.—But since I was kind enough to give you one night in which to decide between my love and a Yankee Lieutenancy, and you have evidently regained your sense somewhat, why, I guess in time I will forgive you. In the meantime, as a punishment, you can only come to see me once a week!" Laughing joyously at the idea of Robert's discomfiture, Elizabeth took from her pocket a small pen-knife, and began to carve her name on the post beside her.

"Yes," she said to herself, "I'll carve both our names here, and then when I've quite forgiven him, I'll show them to him, and tell him it means—" and bending over her work to hide her blushes, Elizabeth commenced to carve the word "Betty."

Hardly had she finished the word "Betty," and the R of Robert, when she stopped suddenly and listened. Far down the road came the clatter of a horse's hoofs coming nearer and nearer. On came the horse until it reached the gate, and then stopped. The gate clicked and Elizabeth heard foot-steps coming up the walk. Peeping out, she saw Robert coming quickly toward her, his stalwart form wrapped in a long black cape. Remembering that she was to be coldly indifferent when he came, she drew back, and taking a book from the seat near by, became absorbed in its pages.

Closer and closer came the foot-steps, and then they stopped just outside the door. Elizabeth did not look up, but listened eagerly for the expected greeting. None came, but after a moment's pause, Robert hurried to her side, and in a voice full of suppressed tenderness and excitement, said:

"Betty, were you in earnest last night, when you said you would never speak to me if I joined the Federal Army?"

For a moment there was silence, and then though stunned by the meaning his words conveyed, Elizabeth stood up, and forcing herself to speak calmly, answered:

"Robert, though I love you with all my heart, my love will die the moment you join the Federal Army, for I can never marry a traitor to the South!"

For one breathless second, they faced each other, and then Robert, his face white, threw back his cape, and revealed the uniform of a lieutenant in the Army of the North. Then without a word, but with one last pleading look, he turned and went down the walk.

Betty did not faint—she did not call—but with white face and tense

eyes, and her head held higher, she stood and looked down the walk until the last echoes of the horse's hoofs died away in the distance. Then she walked toward the garden and called Patsy, whose woolly head and grinning face soon appeared in the doorway:

"Yas, Miss Betty, I don' been thinkin' hit's mos' brekfus time. Is we gwine up to the house now?"

"Yes, but come here first and let me see if you've forgotten how to read everything I've ever taught you. What is the word I've cut on this post?"

"Law, honey, dat's your name," said Patsy, "an' dat letter next to it is a R."

"Well then," said Betty, eyeing her closely, "what word do you think that letter begins?"

"Why, Mars' Rob, ob course—ain't you jis told me yesterday that R always stands for Mars' Rob?" answered Patsy with an injured air.

"Well, I was wrong myself," said Betty slowly. "Remember Patsy, R always stands for Richard—'Mars' Dick,'"—and Betty turned toward the house. Patsy tagged behind, her eyes wide with wonder, and as she went up the walk, she shook her head and muttered sagely, "I do know some nice folks kin shorely be powerful funny!"

* * * * *

Sixty years have passed over the old garden, and again we see it on a summer morning. Even though it is no longer the well-kept garden of former years, still there lingers about it the irresistible charm which belongs to these old-fashioned yards. What difference does it make if the boxwood hedges have grown out of proportion, if the door of the cedar-house is almost closed up with weeds, and if the flower garden itself is a confused mass of weeds and flowers? The air is still sweetened by lilac and jessamine, and the pink roses still clamber over the broken trellis. A quiet peace, unbroken save by the song of a mocking-bird, hangs over the hallowed spot, and it seems entirely cut off from the bustling hurry of the city just a mile away. Soon, however, its seclusion is to be broken, for even now voices are heard coming from the house on the hill.

"Oh, how lovely it will be to explore this old garden! Bob, it was so good of you to come out too—you know I think it is nice for men to be interested in other things beside their business. Now, just think, my grandmother used to pick flowers in that garden before the war. Doesn't it seem strange that things that were here so long ago, should be here just the same

now? But come on and let's hurry to the cedar-house, for you know Aunt Patsy said breakfast would be ready in half an hour."

"Yes, and what was that she said about the cedar-house?" asked a strong, masculine voice.

"Wasn't it funny though? She said something about the cedar-house not being exactly 'hanted,' but that things happened there—'readin' on posts'—and then she went back to the kitchen muttering. Aren't these old negroes superstitious?" added Betty, laughing happily. "Oh, this air is so grand! Come on and run a race with me to the cedar-house."

Away went the other Betty and after her another Rob—both strangely like the Betty and Robert of former days.

Stopping breathless and flushed at the door, Betty made a sweeping bow and said:

"Mr. Robert Thomas, if you will fall on your knees before me and say, 'Kind Lady, forgive me for my past misdeeds, and allow me to enter the sacred precincts of this cedar-house,' why, I'll let you come in." And Betty stood up very tall and straight.

Down fell Robert on his knees and in mock humble tones said:

"Kind Lady, forgive me for loving you so very much, and pray allow me to enter the sacred precincts of your heart?"

Before he had finished, Betty had disappeared in the summer-house, and when Robert entered she was quite her composed self.

"Now, Bob, go get that pink rose for me, and hurry back, for I want to explore this place before breakfast."

"All right," said Bob, "but you'll not find anything interesting in this weed patch." And he hastened out, pushing his way through the thick undergrowth.

"Now," said Betty, "I am going to sit down here until he comes, and then—but, goodness! what are the names on this post? Betty and an R! What's that for? Why, Richard, of course—grandfather and grandmother and—me—and to think that grandmother said she hated this old garden. I wonder why the word was never finished? I believe I'll finish it now. But no—that R *could* stand for Robert!"

"Well, Miss Betty, here's your rose and what's that you said about R standing for Robert? In my vocabulary it certainly does," and Bob came over to inspect the post.

"Well, I might a knowed it—Here I is been callin' you for five minutes an' ain't got no answer yit. I might a jes' come right to dis spot in de

commencement, an' dem batter cakes wouldn't a been nigh as cold. Is you trying to 'member a readin' lesson? Well, you can't read dat one, 'case dat's my own readin' lesson, what Miss Betty, your grandma, honey, done told me. Lemme look at it and I tell you what she say." Aunt Patsy pushed closer and putting on her spectacles, said pompously:

"Miss Betty don' said, 'Member dis Patsy, B always stands fer Betty, and R for Robert—Mars Robert Eveling, child. And den, de ve'y nex' day she don' come down here early in de mornin' and send me in de garden, and den when she call me to come back she say, 'Patsy, I was wrong—don't you ever forget that R stands for Richard—Mars Dick'—your grandpa, honey. I tell you hit was powerful cur'ous, hit's de onliest time I ever knowed Ole Miss to have a lapse of mem'ry. Say, honey chile," and Aunt Patsy drew closer and whispered mysteriously, "I wouldn't be 'tall 'sprised if dat letter R couldn't stand fer 'Mars Rob' as well as 'Mars Dick'—now I'm gwine to de house to cook some more hot cakes, an' you an' young 'Mars Bob' come right on, 'case I know you's hongry." Then Aunt Patsy went on to the house.

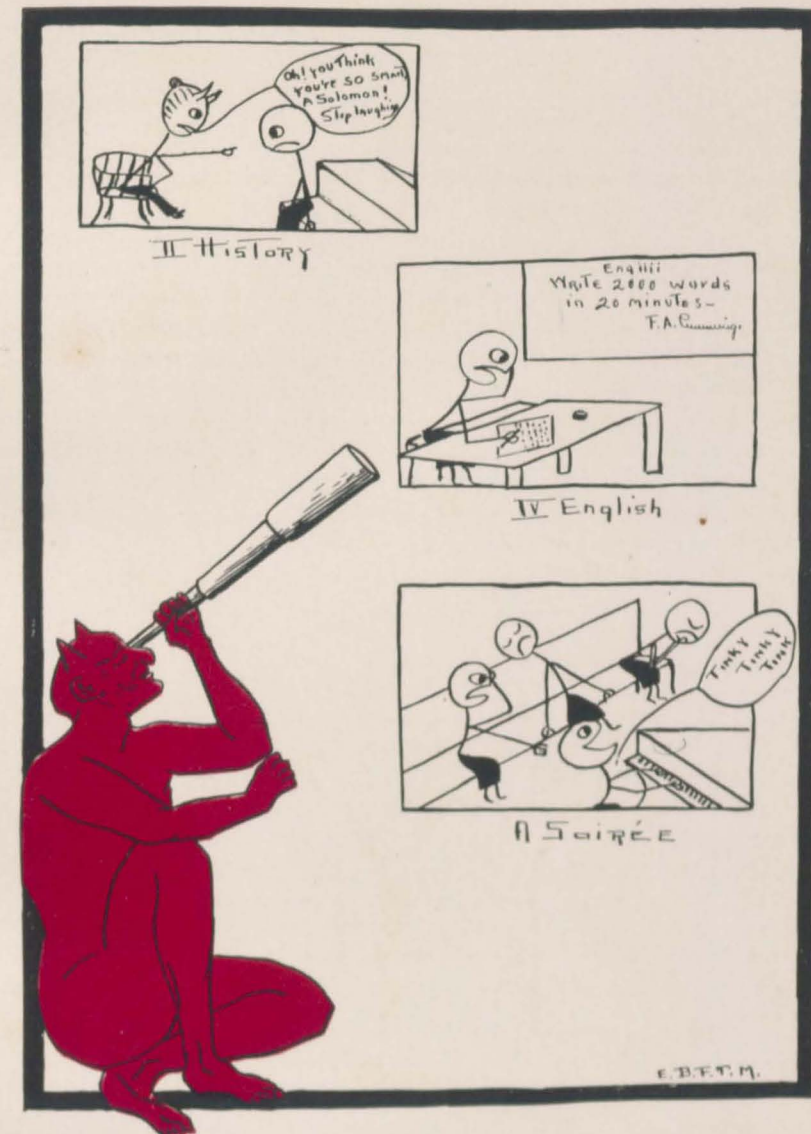
As soon as she was out of sight, Bob turned to Betty, and said softly: "Betty, the other Bob was my grandfather, and the other Betty, your grandmother. Don't you think, dear, you can let me finish the word, and make it Robert?"

Betty did not reply, but on the post of the old cedar-house are carved the two words, "Betty and Bob."

FRANCES KINGSLEY LIGON.



The Devil Gets Some New Tortures From Old Hollins



Second-Hand Souls Doctrine.

Firmly believing that souls are negatively, as well as positively, infinite, and that therefore like Melchisedek, they have neither beginning of days, nor end of life; we cast our eyes about us, and discovered in our midst the souls, hitherto unrevealed to any, of the following celebrities of years gone by:

The soul of Socrates, after leaving the body of this Philosopher, drank in the wisdom of the ages, until the nineteenth century, when it found a fitting abiding place in our venerated instructor, Dr. A. T. L. Kusian.

In Anna Campbell stands revealed a most peculiar combination of all the absurdities and idiosyncracies, all the wit and cleverness of "Good Queen Bess."

Fretted by long years of idleness, the soul of Napoleon, with all his greatness but alas! with all his weaknesses, has descended upon Lallie Lee Carpenter.

The soul of Titania can easily be recognized in the daintiness and attractiveness of Nancy Lee Davis.

With wondering admiration, we greet in Roy Denman the brilliant mind and the scheming diplomacy, which distinguished Richelieu.

In the round-eyed wonder, the placid self-complacence, and engaging simper of Louise Hall, we easily recognize the Stuart Baby.

In Elise Mile's good looking coat suit and seraphic smile, we recognize Goethe's Mephistopheles—in his dress-suit.

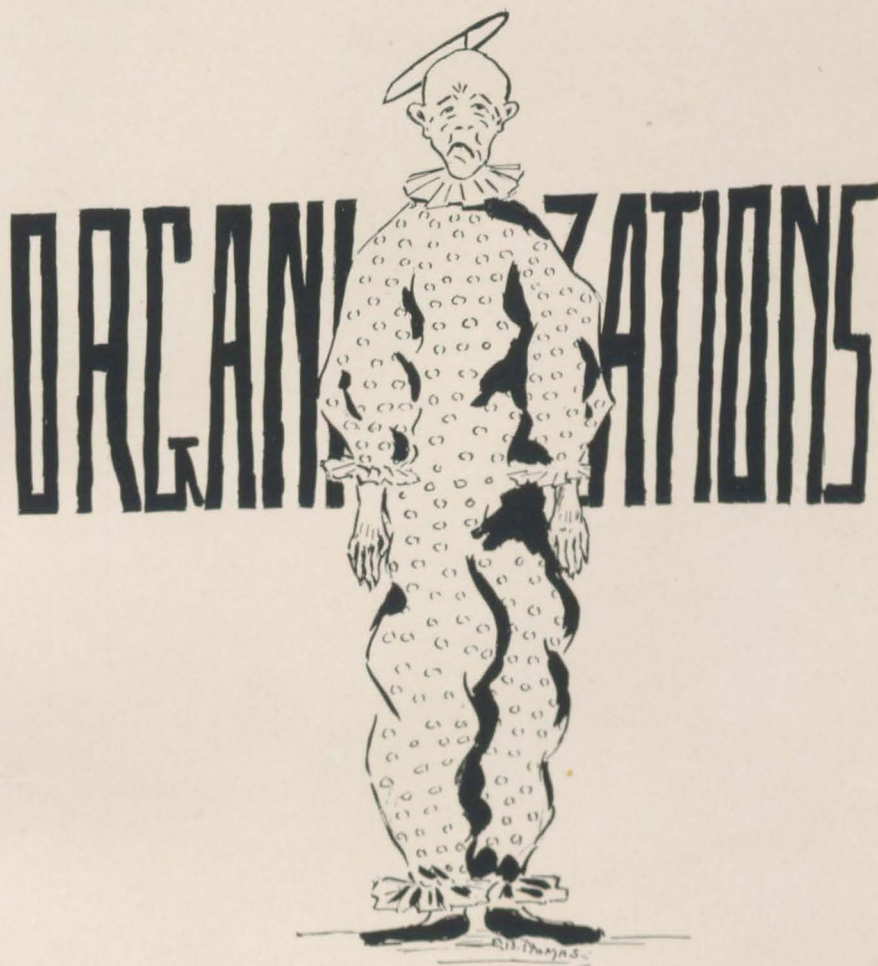
We are rejoiced to find in this assembly, the soul of one deity Catharine Page Jones, by her many feline tendencies, unmistakably reveals the Cat of Bubastis.

Away from the adulation, homage, and her numerous suitors of the eighteenth century, the soul with altered external appearance, but with all his characteristics unchanged, we hilariously greet bluff old Falstaff, in Nina Richardson.

The soul of Madame de Stael found its habitation in Mabelle Miller.

Her interest in, as well as for, the opposite sex, make Elizabeth Thatcher the undoubted possessor of the soul of the pitiable Queen of Scotts.

In the attenuated grace and mournfully martyred air of Lily West, we see the last and most effective appearance of Hamlet's ghost.



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Shakespeare's Comedy

THE TAMING OF
THE SHREW



HOLLINS THEATRE
MARCH 12
1906

Cast



BAPTISTA, a rich gentleman of Padua E. THOMAS

| | | | |
|-----------|-----------------------------|---|-------------|
| LUCENTIO | } Suitors to Bianca | { | A. CAMPBELL |
| GREMIO | | | K. BLOUNT |
| HORTENSIO | | | L. ARMITAGE |

PETRUCHIO, Suitor to Katherine M. B. GRANT

| | | | |
|-----------|------------------------------|---|-------------|
| TRANIO | } Servants to Lucentio . . . | { | E. MILES |
| BIONDELLO | | | M. BRADFORD |

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|--------|--------------------------------|---|--------------|
| GRUMIO | } Servants to Petruchio. . . . | { | H. BARKSDALE |
| CURTIS | | | M. DUB |
| PHILIP | | | E. THATCHER |

A TAILOR R. PHILLIPS

| | | | |
|-----------|----------------|---|------------------|
| BIANCA | } Daughters to | { | ELIZABETH PORTER |
| KATHERINE | | | Baptista |

A WIDOW AILEEN CALDWELL



*"They are coming to the play,
Get you a place."*

—HAMLET.

*"For us, and for our comedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently."*



ACT I.—Padua, a Public Place.

ACT II.—Baptista's House.

ACT III.—Baptista's Garden.

ACT IV.—1. Baptista's Garden.
2. Petruchio's Country House.

ACT V.—Baptista's House.



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JULIA E. RICHARDSON

OFFICERS—Lee Evening

FLOSSIE FLOYD DENMAN *President*
ROSE MCGUIRE SATTERFIELD *Vice-President*
PAULINE PURCELL *Secretary*

FINAL OFFICERS

ROY DENMAN *President*
MARY STUART COCKE *Vice-President*
ROSE SATTERFIELD *Secretary*



Euepian Roll

| | | |
|----------------------|-------------------|--------------------|
| AILEEN AUSTIN | JOSEPHINE HADEN | ETHEL SAVORY |
| IRENE BELT | LOUISE HALL | CHARLIE MAE SCOTT |
| KATHRYN BELT | ROSE HAYWARD | MARY SCOTT |
| IRENE BOWLES | ANNIE HENDERSON | GRACE SHIPP |
| VIRGINIA BULLITT | JUANITA JOHNSON | MARION SHIPP |
| MABELLE CALDWELL | NORMA LUELLEN | SIDNEY SHIELDS |
| MARTHA CANTEY | ANNA JONES | FRANCES STEINER |
| LALLIE LEE CARPENTER | VIRGINIA MAVERICK | EVELYN TALBOTT |
| ANNIE CLARK | VIRGINIA MEANS | MARGUERITE TALBOTT |
| LOUISE CLARKE | ELLIE MILLS | IRENE THRASH |
| MARY STUART COCKE | MARY MONTGOMERY | SOPHIE TILLMAN |
| LORA CRUMP | LOUISE MURPHY | ORA TURNER |
| JULIETTE DAUGHERTY | MARY PAXTON | HAZEL WALKER |
| NAN DAVIS | PAULINE PURCELL | ELIZABETH WELLS |
| CLARA DENMAN | EUDORA RAMSEY | LILY WEST |
| FLOSSIE DENMAN | JULIA RICHARDSON | ELLEN WITT |
| ROY DENMAN | NINA RICHARDSON | CLAUDIA WOOD |
| MARGUERITE FRANK | ROSE SATTERFIELD | HARRIET WOODROOF |



EUEPIAN SOCIETY

THE ADVENTURE OF LADY URSULA CAST

| | |
|------------------------------|-------------------|
| Sir George Sylvester | Julia Richardson |
| Lord Hassenden | Lily West |
| Mr. Castleton | Juliet Daugherty |
| Mr. Ward | Madeline Wickes |
| Mr. Devereux | Mable Goldwell |
| Sir Robert Clifford | Mary Parton |
| Mr. Dent | Pat. Murphy |
| Rev. Mr. Blimboe | Nina Richardson |
| Quilton | Clara Wood |
| Mills | Pauline Purcell |
| Servant | Mary Scott |
| LADY URSULA BARRINGTON | ROSE SATTERTFIELD |
| Mrs. Fenton | Sidney Shields |
| Dorothy Fenton | Tian Davis |

Miss T. Whittier - Director

THE ADVENTURE OF LADY URSULA



Georgia Club

VIRGINIA E. WILLINGHAM.....*President*
 MARY B. FARISH*Vice-President*
 ELIZABETH KYLE.....*Secretary and Treasurer*

HONORARY MEMBERS

MRS. LUCIAN COCKE MRS. ELLA COCKE
 MRS. JENNIE CUTHBERSON



GEORGIA CLUB





KENTUCKY CLUB



Tennessee Club

Colors

Red and Black

Song

"My Heart's To-night in Tennessee."

Motto

Love me, love my State.

MINNIE BELLE GRANT.....*President*

BESSIE PORTER.....*Vice-President*

LOUISE HALL.....*Secretary and Treasurer*

MEMBERS

ADA CALDWELL.....Knoxville

AILEEN CALDWELL.....Memphis

LOIS CALDWELL.....Knoxville

MARGUERITE FRANK.....Dyersburg

MINNIE BELLE GRANT.....Chattanooga

LOUISE HALL.....Dyersburg

NORA KELLY.....Knoxville

LOUISE KIRVEN.....Chattanooga

SARA MUXEN.....Chattanooga

BESSIE PORTER.....Memphis

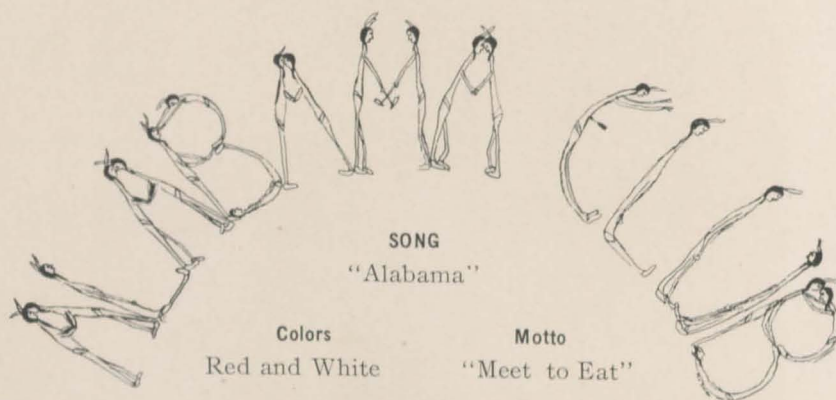
JOSEPHINE PEASE.....Johnson City

MARJORIE PEASE.....Johnson City

IRENE THRASH.....Memphis



TENNESSEE CLUB



OFFICERS

President EUGENIA SMITH
Vice-President MAY COLLINS
Secretary and Treasurer HARRIET WOODROOF

MEMBERS

MAY COLLINS
 LULU STEDMAN VIRDEN

| | |
|---------------------------|------------------------|
| ELLEN LINN MOLTON | CLARA ELLEN FORBES |
| MARY LOU WILSON | EUGENIA GRAHAM SMITH |
| HARRIET WRIGHT WOODROOF | ETHEL GLOSTER NORTON |
| KATE BROOKS STEINER | VIRGINIA PRESTON MEANS |
| ELIZABETH PATTON DEARBORN | ALICE DASHIELL GARTH |
| ADA KATHLEEN BLOUNT | HELEN STEINER |
| TERRY TRUX LACKLAND | FLORENCE WEATHERLY |



ALABAMA CLUB



Texas Club

| | |
|------------------------|----------------|
| ROY DENMAN | President |
| FRANKIE STEINER | Vice-President |
| FLOSSIE DENMAN | Secretary |
| JULIA RICHARDSON | Treasurer |

MEMBERS

| | | |
|----------------------------------|-----------------------|-------------|
| VIRGINIA MAVERICK .. San Antonio | NINA RICHARDSON | Austin |
| HAZEL WALKER | LOUISE KELLEY | Wharton |
| LOUISE MURPHY | CLARE DENMAN | San Antonio |
| ELLIE MILLS | Sherman | |
| IRENE BELT | Dallas | |
| CHARLIE MAE SCOTT | Forth Worth | |
| GRACE SHIP | Dallas | |
| MARY MONTGOMERY .. Fort Worth | CATHERINE BELT | Dallas |
| MADELINE WICKS | MABLE CALDWELL | Temple |
| FRANKIE STEINER | MARTHA CANTY | Fort Worth |
| MAE BOLTON | Wharton | |
| ELIZABETH WELLS | Fort Worth | |
| ANNA JONES | San Antonio | |
| WINIFRED LARKIN | Athens | |
| FLOSSIE FLOYD DENMAN | San Antonio | |
| LUCILE BELT | Dallas | |
| MURIEL WICKS | Houston | |
| JULIA RICHARDSON | Austin | |
| JULIETTE DAUGHERTY | Houston | |
| AILEEN AUSTIN | San Antonio | |
| ROY EMILY DENMAN | San Antonio | |





West Virginia Club

| Colors | | Flower |
|------------------------------|-----------------------------|--------------|
| Gold and Blue | | Rhododendron |
| NETTIE MANN BAIRD | <i>President</i> | Fort Spring |
| JANE CARPENTER | <i>Vice-President</i> | Fairmont |
| EVELYN TALBOTT | <i>Treasurer</i> | Elkins |
| EVA BAKER | | Beverly |
| IRENE BOWLES | | Huntington |
| MILDRED BRADFORD | | Charleston |
| GENEVIEVE COLLINS | | Pennsboro |
| MABEL GILCHRIST | | Wheeling |
| HELEN HENRITZE | | Welch |
| HALLIE MOORE | | Lewisburg |
| MARGARET CLARKE RUCKER | | Welch |
| MARGUERITE TALBOTT | | Elkins |
| ORA TURNER | | Montgomery |



South Carolina State Club

Colors
Gold and White

Flower
Daisy

Song

"Down Where the Cotton Blossoms Grow"

Yell

Hippety Dub! Hippety Dub!
What's the Club! What's the Club!
South Carolina

MEMBERS

| | |
|-----------------------------|-------------|
| FRANCES KINGSLEY LIGON..... | Anderson |
| MARY EDITH McFALL | Charleston |
| EUDORA RAMSEY | Charleston |
| CARRIE POOL | Newberry |
| SOPHIE TILLMAN..... | Trenton |
| JULIA GRESHAM | Marion |
| MARY WILBUR..... | Charleston |
| PROF. F. A. CUMMINGS | Spartanburg |
| RUTH COGBURN..... | Edgefield |



SOUTH CAROLINA CLUB



Capitol Club

Colors
Delft Blue and Gold

Motto
"On to Richmond"

Flower
"May Handy" Violet

OFFICERS

ROSE MCGUIRE SATTERFIELD *President*
THERESA LOUISE CLARKE *Vice-President*
LILY MONTGOMERY WEST *Secretary and Treasurer*

MEMBERS

| | | |
|--------------------|-------------------|-------------------|
| EMILY BURTON | LUCY ANDERSON | LILY WEST |
| ELLEN WITT | GRACE BRIGGS | COURTNEY ROUNTREE |
| LORA CRUMP | MARGARET CHEWNING | GAY MONTAGUE |
| BRANCH SOUTHERLAND | LAURA ARMITAGE | ROSE SATTERFIELD |
| | NEWELL ROUNTREE | |

Honorary Members

MISS B. G. DICKENSON

F. W. DUKE



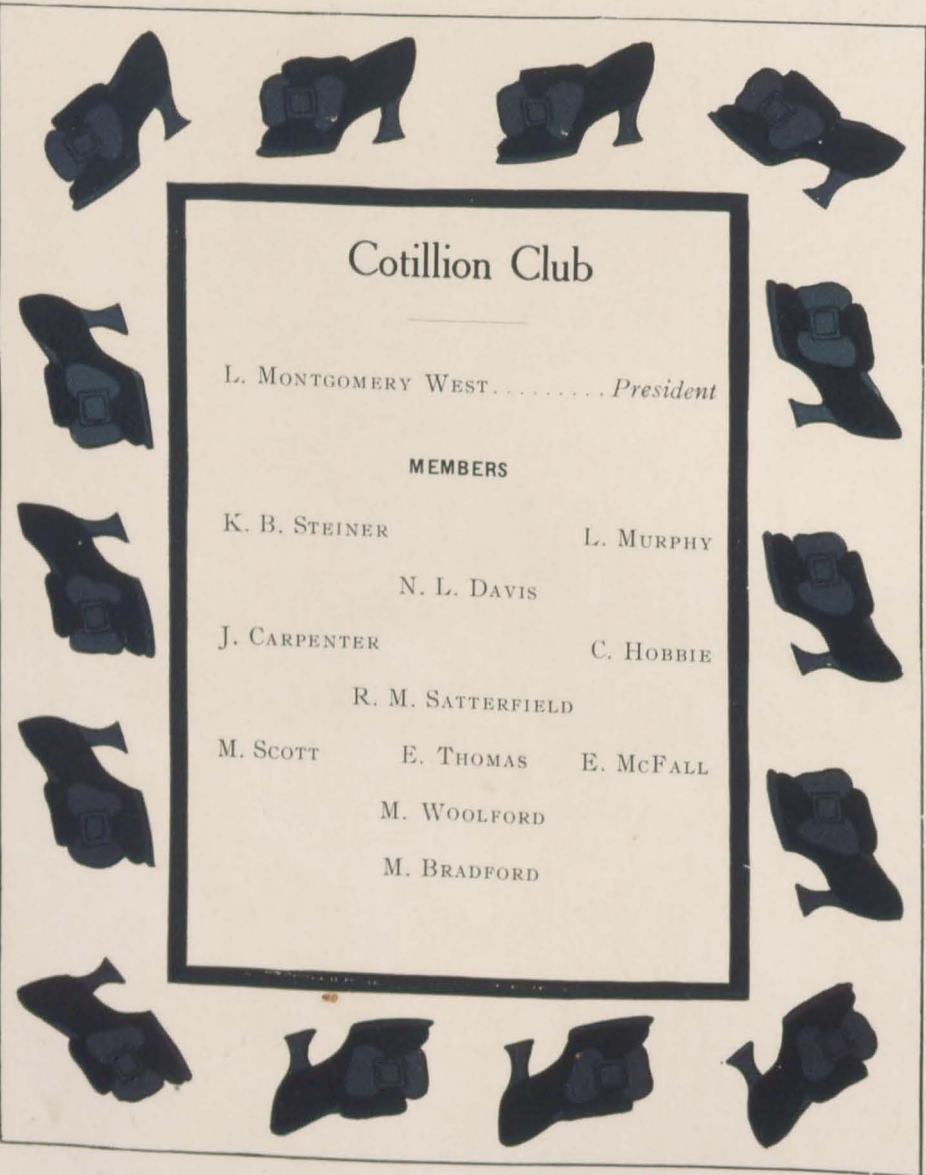
Missouri Club

Motto—Show Me
Colors—Gold and Black

Song—Down On The Old Missouri Shore
Flower—Black-Eyed Susan

MEMBERS

| | | |
|------------------|---------------|--------------------------------|
| HELEN HARRELTON | | <i>President</i> |
| REBEKAH PHILLIPS | | <i>Vice-President</i> |
| MARION VA. SHIPP | | <i>Secretary and Treasurer</i> |
| MARY PAXTON | MAME WILLIAMS | |



Cotillion Club

L. MONTGOMERY WEST.....*President*

MEMBERS

K. B. STEINER

L. MURPHY

N. L. DAVIS

J. CARPENTER

C. HOBBIE

R. M. SATTERFIELD

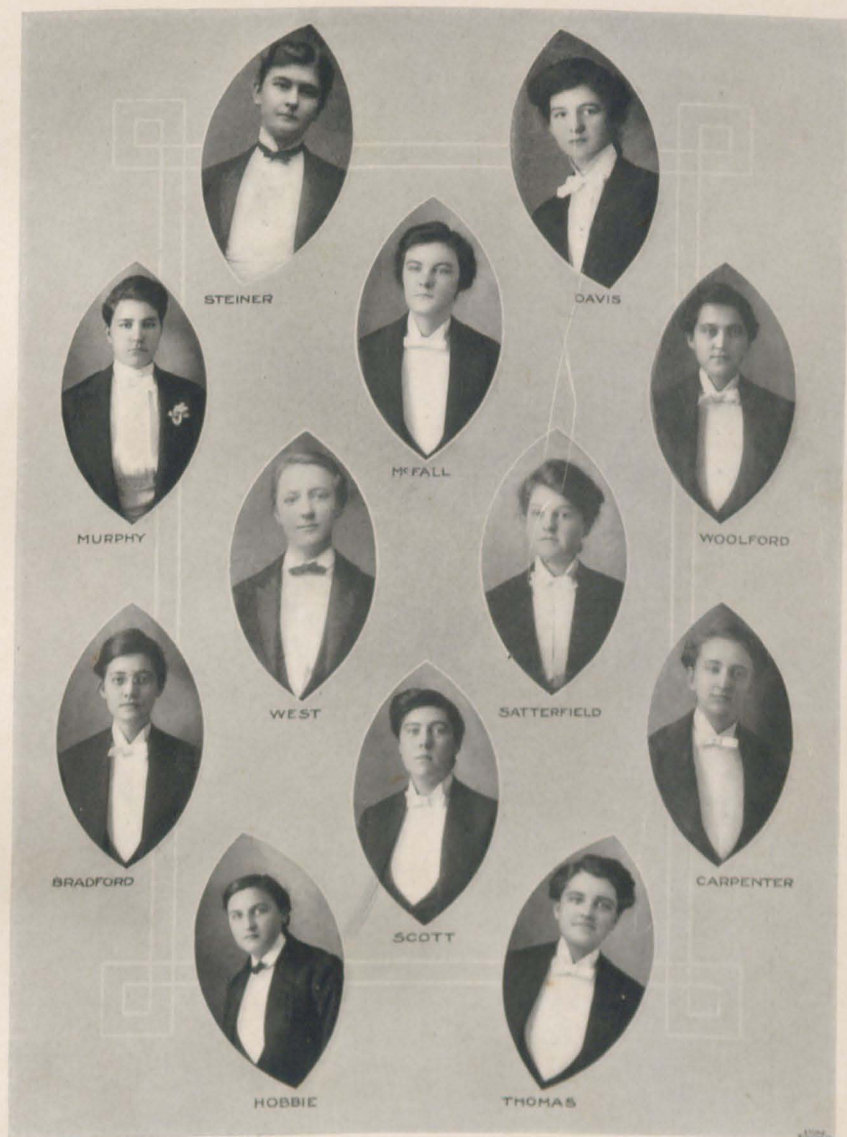
M. SCOTT

E. THOMAS

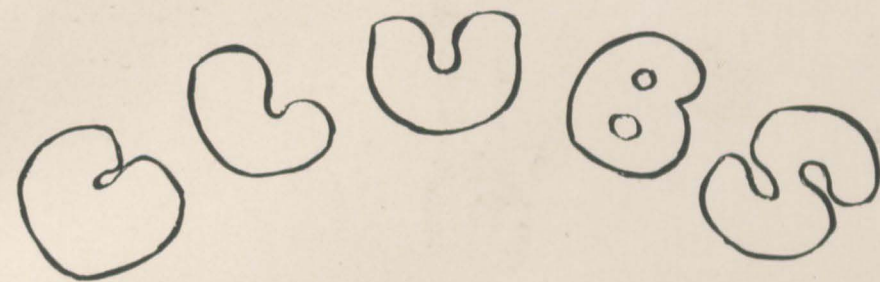
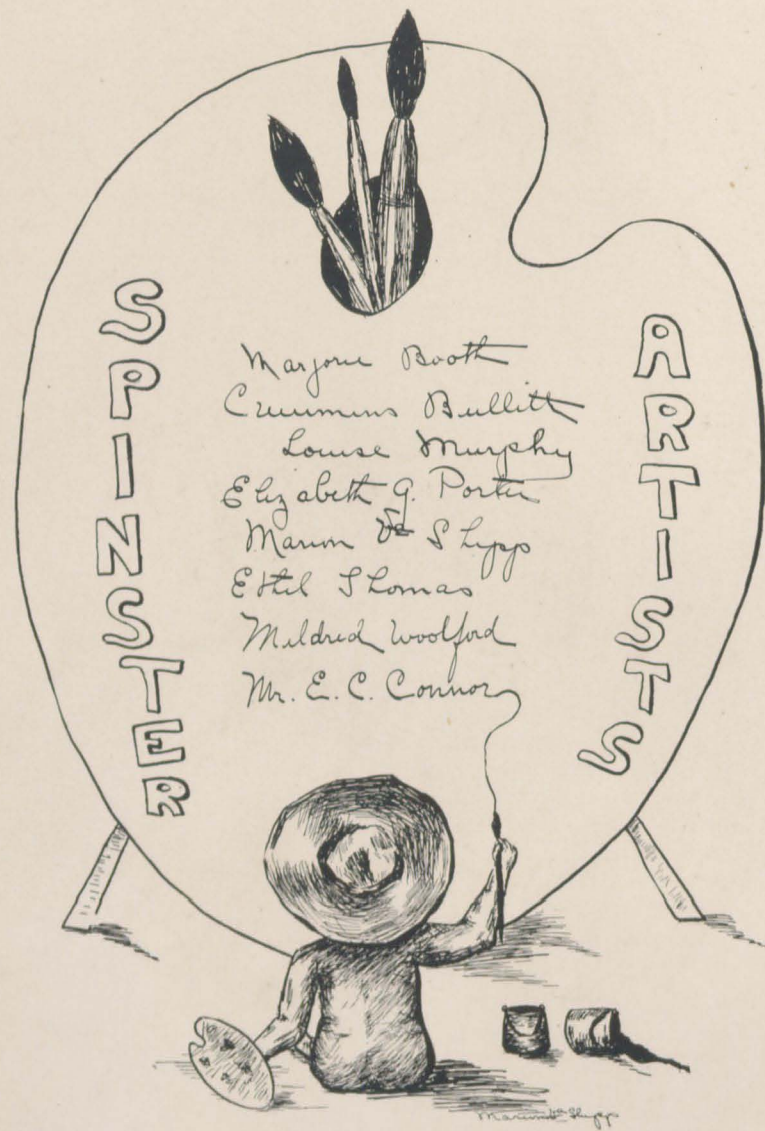
E. McFALL

M. WOOLFORD

M. BRADFORD



COTILLION CLUB





CRUMP



WATTS



PERRY



CHISHOLM



HOBBIE



HAZLERIGG



Watch Word
"Git"

Flower
Sunflower

Colors
Sky-Blue, Pink and Purple

Song
"I'm Wearing My Heart Away for You."

Motto
"I'm Going to Live Anyhow 'Till I Die."

EVELYN TALBOTT, B. E. West Virginia
MARY SCOTT, M. H. Virginia
KATHLEEN BLOUNT, A. L. Alabama
MARGUERITE TALBOTT, O. L. West Virginia



Watchword
Sh-sh-sssh

Color
Lantern Light

Song
"I'll Be There" [at 10:30]

CHOSEN FEW

| | |
|--------------------------|----------------------|
| Peters Pincher..... | LALLIE LEE CARPENTER |
| Snickering Sneezer..... | LOUISE CLARKE |
| Jabbering Jabberwac..... | ANNIE CLARK |
| Gobbling Galula..... | LULA VIRDEN |
| Grub Grabber..... | ROSE SATTERFIELD |
| Rolicking Roarer..... | HELEN STEINER |
| Hasty Hider..... | KATE STEINER |
| Sleepy Slunk..... | NAN DAVIS |
| Motley Mucker..... | LOUISE CARPENTER |

HONORARY MEMBER
MRS. CUTHBERTSON





Leggins?

ETHEL THOMAS Kentucky
 VIDA CHISHOLM Georgia
 LALLIE LEE CARPENTER..... Virginia
 REBEKAH PHILLIPS..... Missouri







Polly Pryms

ETHEL M. SAVORY

MABELLE CALDWELL

GRACE LEE BRIGGS

MADELEINE V. DUB

LAURA E. ARMITAGE

JEAN HOOPER

Black Cats



Quakers



PAULINE PURCELL

LOUISE CLARKE

FLORENCE LOCKHART

ETHEL THOMAS

JEANNE WHEELER

REBEKAH PHILLIPS



Sigma Gamma Club

Motto

"Let us trip it as we go
On the light fantastic toe."

Patron

Saint Milton

MEMBERS

JANEY LAWSON

LUCY ANDERSON

LULA LUCK

TRUXIE LACKLAND

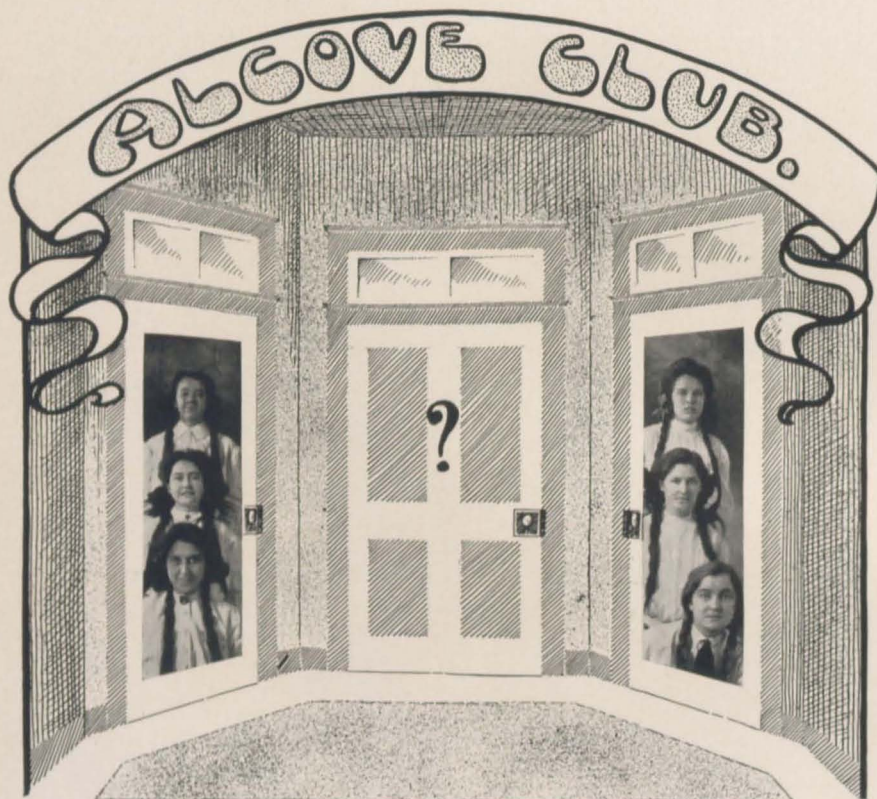
JULIA GRESHAM

NEWELL ROUNTREE

COURTNEY ROUNTREE

MEMBERS IN FACULTY

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."



Watchword

? ? ? ?

Motto

Hop—Skip—Jump and Run

| | |
|-------------------------|----------------------|
| FRANCES STEINER..... | "Highest Hopper" |
| ANNA JONES..... | "Swiftest Skipper" |
| VIRGINIA MAVERICK..... | "Joyful Jumper" |
| JULIETTE DAUGHERTY..... | "Rapid Runner" |
| AILEEN AUSTIN..... | "Jolliest Joker" |
| MARY MONTGOMERY..... | "Dormant Doorkeeper" |



THE CABBAGE PATCH.



The Bachelor Girls

| | |
|-----------------------|---------------|
| JANE CARPENTER | West Virginia |
| IONE CARNEY | Virginia |
| HAZEL WILLIS | Mississippi |
| MADLINE WICKS..... | Texas |
| MILDRED WOOLFORD..... | Maryland |



JONES



A. CALDWELL



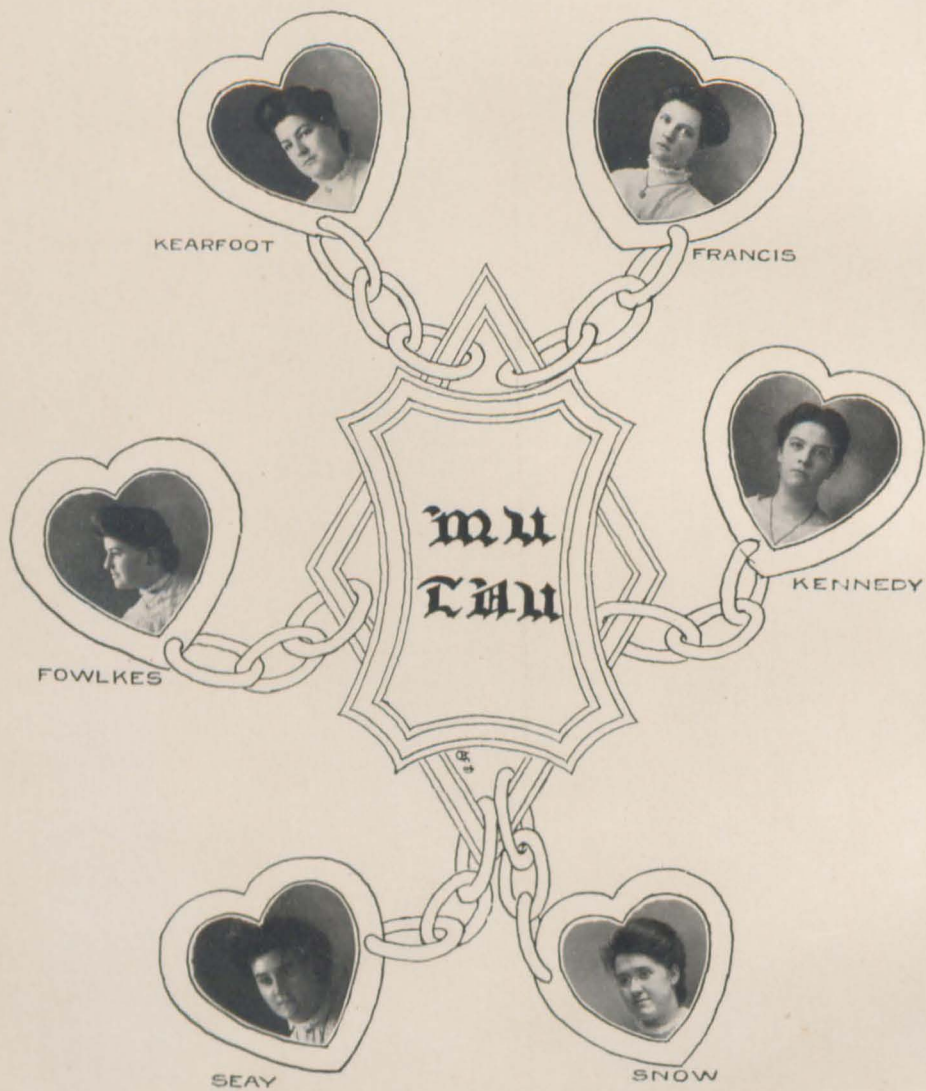
L. CALDWELL



SUSONG



THATCHER





CAMP
VIRGINIA



BARNETT
GEORGIA



BOOTH
VIRGINIA



POOLE
SOUTH CAROLINA



WILBUR
SOUTH CAROLINA



RAMSEY
SOUTH CAROLINA

TK CLUB III



BIRMINGHAM CLUB



Watchword
"More"



Motto
Practice Makes Perfect Pigs.

AILEEN CALDWELL
"Positively the last appearance."

ANNA CAMPBELL
"Taint no disgrace to run when you are scared."

ANNIE CLARKE
"Eat not to live, live to eat."

MINNIE BELLE GRANT
"Take it away."

LOUISE HALL
"Watchman, tell us of the night."

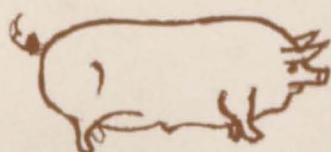
LALAGE OATES
"Pig, with all thy faults, I love thee still."

JULIA RICHARDSON
"Good-night, ladies."

NINA RICHARDSON
"Please go 'way, and let me sleep."

ROSE SATTERFIELD
"Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

CLAUDIA WOOD
"Man wants but little here below."





S. S. p. ?

Motto

Children should be seen and not heard.

S. ANNA MONTGOMERY CAMPBELL
S. LALLIE LEE CARPENTER

p. FRANCES KINGSLEY LIGON
? MINNIE BELLE GRANT



Motto

"Eat what you can
What you cant can"



Martha Cantey



Elizabeth Wells



Hazel Walker



Mary Montgomery



Ellie Mills



Winnifred Larkin

Colors

Purple - Gold

Flower

Wisteria



YANKEE CLUB

Colors

What they aint-gray

Watchword

Hi there, Yank!

OFFICERS

| | | |
|-----------------------------|----------------------|--------------|
| <i>President</i> | LUCY LOCKE | Pennsylvania |
| <i>Vice-President</i> | JEANNE WHEELER | Indiana |
| <i>Secretary</i> | NINA COLE | Pennsylvania |
| <i>Treasurer</i> | NATALIE KUTZ | Pennsylvania |

MEMBERS

| | |
|------------------------|-------------------|
| ANNA VAN SANN | New Jersey |
| ELSIE ROBINSON | Ohio |
| ETHEL SAVORY | New Jersey |
| HAZEL HOVER | Ohio |
| JESSIE HAZELRIGG | New York |
| KATHERINE ATKINS | Washington, D. C. |
| FANNIE HILLIER | New Jersey |
| LOUISE GERWIG | Pennsylvania |
| MABEL GILCHRIST | West Virginia |
| EUNICE WETMORE | Indiana |
| MAMIE WILLIAMS | Missouri |
| LILA McDONALD | Ohio |
| HELEN WILSON | Colorado |
| MABEL MILLER | New York |

HONORARY MEMBERS

| | |
|-------------------------|-------------------|
| MISS ICEMAN | New York |
| MISS TER WILLIGER | New York |
| MISS LACY | Washington, D. C. |



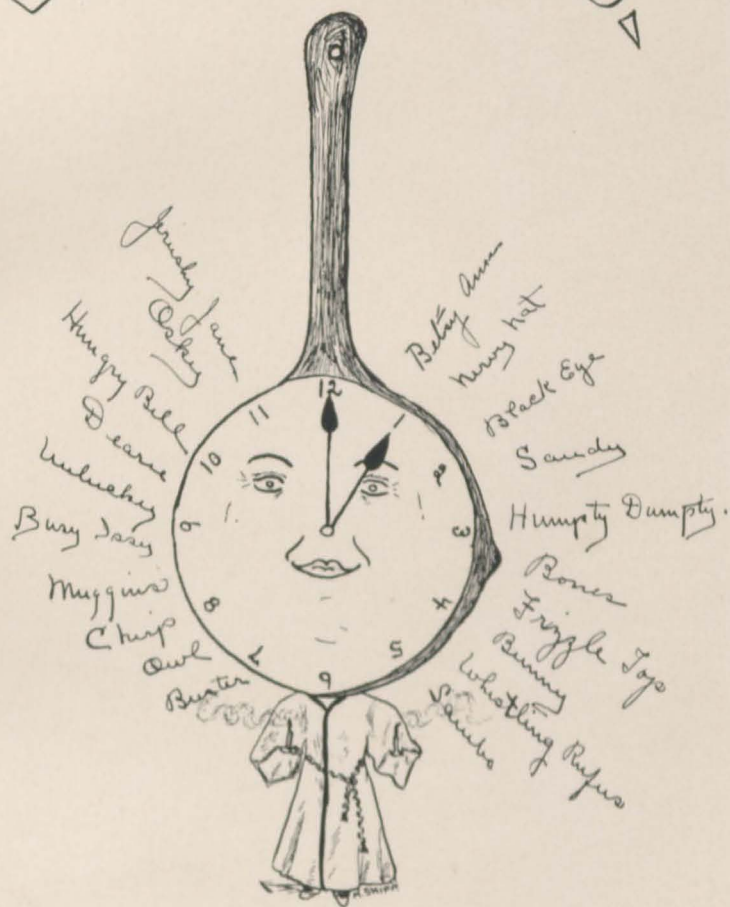
YANKEE CLUB



Track Team

McFALL MURPHY CARPENTER BRADFORD R. HAYWARD J. WHEELER OATES

PROWLERS

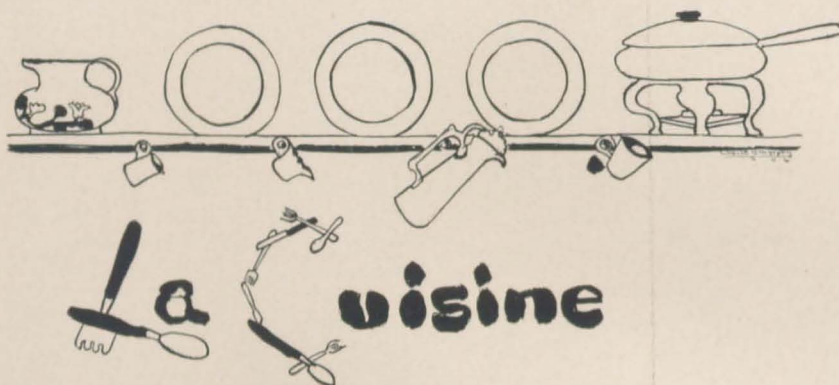




Kodak Club

CLARA ELLEN FORBES.....*President*
 ADA CALDWELL*Vice-President*
 MAY COLLINS*Treasurer*

| | | |
|--------------------|--------------------|--------------------|
| LOIS CALDWELL | ELIZABETH THATCHER | PAULINE PURCELL |
| JULIETTE DAUGHERTY | ELIZABETH WELLS | RUBY RAY SMITH |
| MADELEINE DUB | HELEN STEINER | LOUISE CARPENTER |
| JANIE COCKE | MARTHA CANTY | HARRIET WOODROOF |
| ANNA JONES | MAUD CANADA | ELIZABETH DEARBORN |
| ELLEN LINN MOLTON | LUCILLE DUDLEY | MAY HALEY |
| MARY LOU WILSON | SULLY HAYWARD | VIRGINIA BULLITT |



MARY PAXTON MAY CAMP
 LELIA BARKER GAY MONTAGUE
 ROSE HAYWARD HALLIE MOORE
 ELLEN WITT IRENE BOWLES



San Antonio Club

MEMBERS

ROY DENMAN

FRANCES STEINER

VIRGINIA MAVERICK

ANNA JONES

AILEEN AUSTIN

FLOSSIE DENMAN

CLARE DENMAN

HONORARY MEMBERS

JULIA RICHARDSON

NINA RICHARDSON

ROSE SATTERFIELD



DRAMATIC CLUB



PAULINE PURCELL *President*

"PAT" MURPHY . . *General Director*

LOUISE CLARKE

EDITH McFALL

SIDNEY SHIELDS

MILDRED BRADFORD

FLORENCE LOCKHART

NAN DAVIS

ROSE HAYWARD

REBEKAH PHILLIPS

GERTRUDE CROSSLAND

SOPHIA TILLMAN

MASKERS





The Club That Never Was

One of the Clubs that are merely for the "Spinster." In opposition to all Clubs that have been, are now or ever will be.

| President | Vice-President | Secretary |
|----------------------|---------------------------------------|---------------------------|
| ANNA CAMPBELL is not | LOUISE HALL is not | MINNIE BELLE GRANT is not |
| | Treasurer | |
| | CLAUDIA WOOD is not | |
| Historian | Prophets | Poet |
| LULU VIRDEN is not | MAY COLLINS and EUGENIA SMITH are not | NAN DAVIS is not |

OTHER OFFICERS

The rest of the Club are not. Honors we have never had, have not, and never will have.

AILEEN AUSTIN . . . Editor-in-Chief *Quarterly*
 MILDRED BRADFORD . . . Scholarship Medal
 ANNA CAMPBELL . . . Leader Cotillion Club
 LOUISE CLARKE . . . President Class '06
 LALAGE OATES . . . President Alumnae Asso'n
 MAY COLLINS . . . May Queen
 NAN DAVIS . . . Vice-President Y. W. C. A.
 MINNIE BELLE GRANT . . .
 . . . Leader Yemassee Rooters
 LOUISE HALL . . . Heroine Euzelian Play
 ROSE HAYWARD . . . Editor-in-chief "SPINSTER"
 JESSIE HAZELRIGG . . .
 . . . President Athletic Association
 ANNIE HENDERSON . . .
 . . . Vice-President Athletic Association.

ELISE MILES Euepian Scholarship
 BECKY PHILLIPS
 . . . Secretary and Treasurer Y. W. C. A.
 BESS PORTER Euzelian Scholarship
 PAULINE PURCELL . . . Captain Yemassee Team
 EUGENIA SMITH . . . Captain Mohican Team
 HELEN STEINER II Lit. Poetry Prize
 KATE STEINER . . . President Dramatic Club
 ELIZABETH THATCHER
 Business Manager "SPINSTER"
 LULU VIRDEN Vocal Medal
 CLAUDIA WOOD . . . Leader Mohican Rooters
 LOUISE WOODWARD . . . President Y. W. C. A.
 CORBIN HOBBIE . . . Chairman Student Body

THANKS

LULU VIRDEN

LUCILLE A. LOYD

MARY STUART COCKE

ANNIS I. CLARK

FRANCES K. LIGON

NAN L. DAVIS

REBEKAH PHILLIPS

ROSE HAYWOOD

ETHEL B. THOMAS

ROSE M. SATTERFIELD

Lambda Sigma

Alpha and Omega Chapter

Hollins, Virginia

Yell

Apple pie, sugar pie

Certainly is sweet

Lambda Sigma, Lambda Sigma

Can't be beat

Why are the Lambda Sigmas a charitable organization?
Because they are the Little Sisters of the Poor.

MEMBERS

| | |
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| JEANIE COCKE | Roanoke, Virginia |
| CHARLOTTE CLARK | Lynchburg, Virginia |
| HELEN STEINER | Montgomery, Alabama |
| LOUISE CARPENTER | Clifton Forge, Virginia |
| MARGARET CHEWNING | Richmond, Virginia |



CARPENTER



CHEWNING

Λ Σ



COCKE



H. STEINER

K. K. K.

MEMBERS

| | |
|------------------------------|-------------|
| FLOSSIE FLOYD DENMAN..... | Texas |
| MAY COLLINS..... | Alabama |
| EUGENIA GRAHAM SMITH..... | Alabama |
| VIRGINIA HOWARD BULLITT..... | Virginia |
| CLARE DENMAN..... | Texas |
| HARRIET WRIGHT WOODROOF..... | Alabama |
| CLARA ELLEN FORBES | Alabama |
| BERNEY RAY WADDELL..... | Mississippi |



F. DENMAN



SMITH



C. DENMAN



COLLINS



FORBES



BULLITT



WADDELL

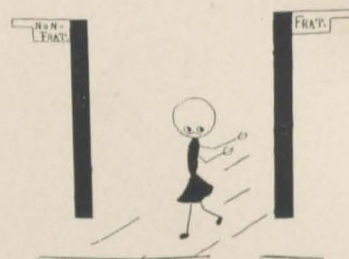


WOODROOF

Rubaiyat of Outer I-Am

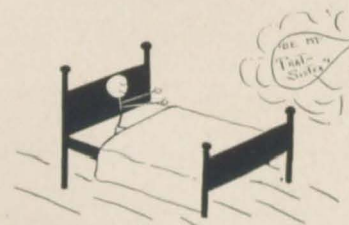
The Frat. Poet of Hollins

Done into English by Elise Miles.
(With Apologies to Omar Khayyam.)



I.

Fake! That is all these Frats. do seem to me,
Merely a Name to class the Snobs apart.
And yet! Suppose a Rush should come my way,
Would I, or would I not, hold to this Start?

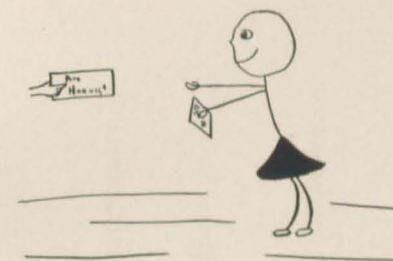


II.

Dreaming one Night, methought I heard a Voice,
Call to me, out into the Cold,
"Awake! and march with me along
The 'Stony Pike' that leads within the Fold."

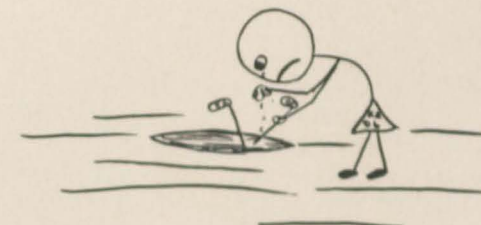
III.

Now the New Year reviving strange Desires,
The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires,
Where, thinking on the large Collect of Frats.,
I say! which should it be to which this Soul aspires?



IV.

Look to the Rose that blows about us—Lo,
'Tis J T B that in her palm she holds.
But I! Oh no, that one is not for mine,
No Honors have I to offer at that Shrine.



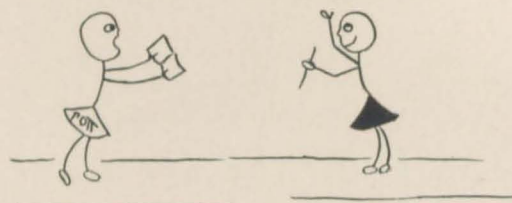
V.

And those who husbanded the Golden Grain,
And those who flung it to the winds like Rain,
Alike the K J now is turned
And buried once, wants digging up again.



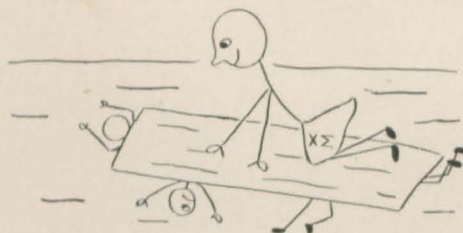
VI.

Think, how within the battered Cellar Tubs,
Initiating alternate Night and Day,
 $\Phi M I'$ after $\Phi M I'$ with his Goats
Abode an Hour or two and went his way.



VII.

The Ball no question makes of Ayes or Noes,
But right or left, as strikes the player, goes.
When "Polly" tells us all to sing, we sing—
Whate'er She says, the "Gops," they do that thing.



100

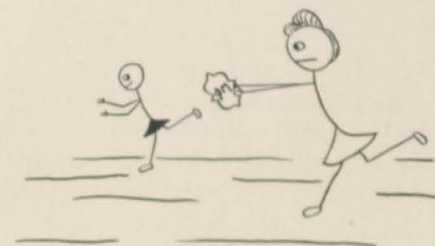
VIII.

And that misguided crowd we call "Chi-Zoo,"
Whereunder Roy, crawling coop't they live,
Lift not your voices in your own opinions,
For that you are not once allowed to do.



IX.

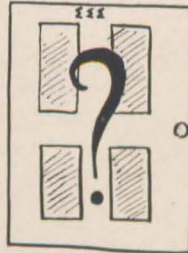
Oh, $A P$, who thinkst thou art so much,
Thou'rt made of baser Earth like to the Rest.
I tell thee this—Pride goes before a Fall.
Watch! Lest a return to Dust doth thee befall.



X.

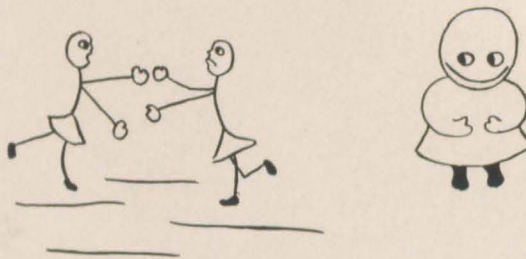
And not a Single one who passing by,
But shall be overtaken unawares.
'Tis thus the ΦM aims at This or That—
What matters it? Just so they're in a Frat!

101



XI.

There is a Door to which I find no key,
 There is a Veil past which I can not see,
 The Riddle is—Why they should ever Be?
 Ah, fill the Cup: This is to *Sigma Three*!



XII.

But leave the wise to wrangle, and with me
 The Quarrels of Fraternities let be,
 And, in some Corner of the Hubbub coucht,
 Make Game of that which makes as much of Thee.

THE END.

A Note of Cheer to Non-Frats: When all Frats are Dead there will still
 be Non-Frats.



MAY DAY 1905





Sororities

In the Order of Establishment at Hollins

Delta Tau Beta

Phi Mu Gamma

Naughty Naught — (A P)

Kappa Delta

Gamma Omicron Pi

Sigma Sigma Sigma

Chi Sigma





DELTA TAU BETA

FOUNDED 1890

SORORES

ANNIS IRVINE CLARK

CHARLOTTE SAUNDERS CLARK

NANCY LOUISA DAVIS

ELIZABETH PATTON DEARBORN

MINNIE BELLE GRANT

EMMA CORBIN HOBBIE

ANNIE NORVELL HOBBIE

VIRGINIA PRESTON MEANS

MARY GENTRY PAXTON

ROSE McGUIRE SATTERFIELD



DAVIS



GRANT



PAXTON



SATTERFIELD



A. CLARK



MEANS



C. HOBBIE



A. HOBBIE



DEARBORN

ΔTB



Phi Mu Gamma

Organized 1898--Chartered 1902

Alpha Chapter, Hollins, Va.
Beta Chapter, New York
Delta Chapter, New York
Gamma Chapter, Gainesville, Ga.
Theta Chapter, Marion, Ala.
Zeta Chapter, Danville, Ky.

ALPHA CHAPTER

| | |
|---------------------------------|----------------|
| FRANCES KINGSLEY LIGON..... | South Carolina |
| CATHERINE PAGE JONES | Kentucky |
| LORA CRUMP | Virginia |
| MILDRED BRADFORD | West Virginia |
| MARY EDITH McFALL..... | South Carolina |
| ELIZABETH PERKINS THATCHER..... | Kentucky |
| IONE CARNEY..... | Virginia |



LIGON



CRUMP



CARNEY



THATCHER

ΦΜΓ



McFALL



BRADFORD



JONES



Naughty-Naught

Founded 1900

Flower

Violet

Colors

Black and White

Yell

Rip-tum-rex

Rip-tum-raught

Rip-tum, bip-tum

Naughty Naught

Motto

Errare est humanum

MEMBERS

| | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------|
| KATE BROOKS STEINER..... | Montgomery, Alabama |
| LALLIE LEE CARPENTER..... | Clifton Forge, Virginia |
| ETHEL BURNETT THOMAS..... | Ford, Kentucky |
| LILY MONTGOMERY WEST..... | Richmond, Virginia |
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NAUGHTY-NAUGHTS

Kappa Delta

Organized 1895—Chartered 1902

| | |
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| GAMMA CHAPTER | Hollins, Virginia |
| THETA CHAPTER | Lynchburg, Virginia |
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| PHI DELTA CHAPTER..... | St. Mary's School |
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| ELIZABETH GORDON PORTER | Tennessee |



OATES



HENDERSON

KΔ



A. CALDWELL



PORTER

STUD
BUREAU
1911





PHILLIPS



WHEELER



TILLMAN



EMBRY



LOCKHART



L. CLARK



PURCELL



Phi Mu

ORGANIZED, 1852

CHARTERED, 1904

ALPHA CHAPTER MACON, GA.

BETA CHAPTER HOLLINS, VA.

SORORES

BETA CHAPTER

| | | |
|-------------------------------|-----------|--------------|
| ELIZABETH KYLE | | GEORGIA |
| GRACE WALTHOO WEST | | VIRGINIA |
| MARY BOG FARISH | | GEORGIA |
| LUCY ANNE LOCKE | | PENNSYLVANIA |
| ALICE DASHIELL GARTH | | ALABAMA |
| MARGARET LEE MYERS | | VIRGINIA |
| VIRGINIA ELIZABETH WILLINGHAM | | GEORGIA |
| MAUDE MAY CANADA | | VIRGINIA |

HONORARY MEMBER

| | | |
|----------------------|-----------|----------|
| MISS MARY WILLIAMSON | | VIRGINIA |
|----------------------|-----------|----------|



WILLINGHAM



CANADA



FARRISH



LOCKE

Φ M



GARTH



KYLE



MYERS



WEST





Sigma Sigma Sigma

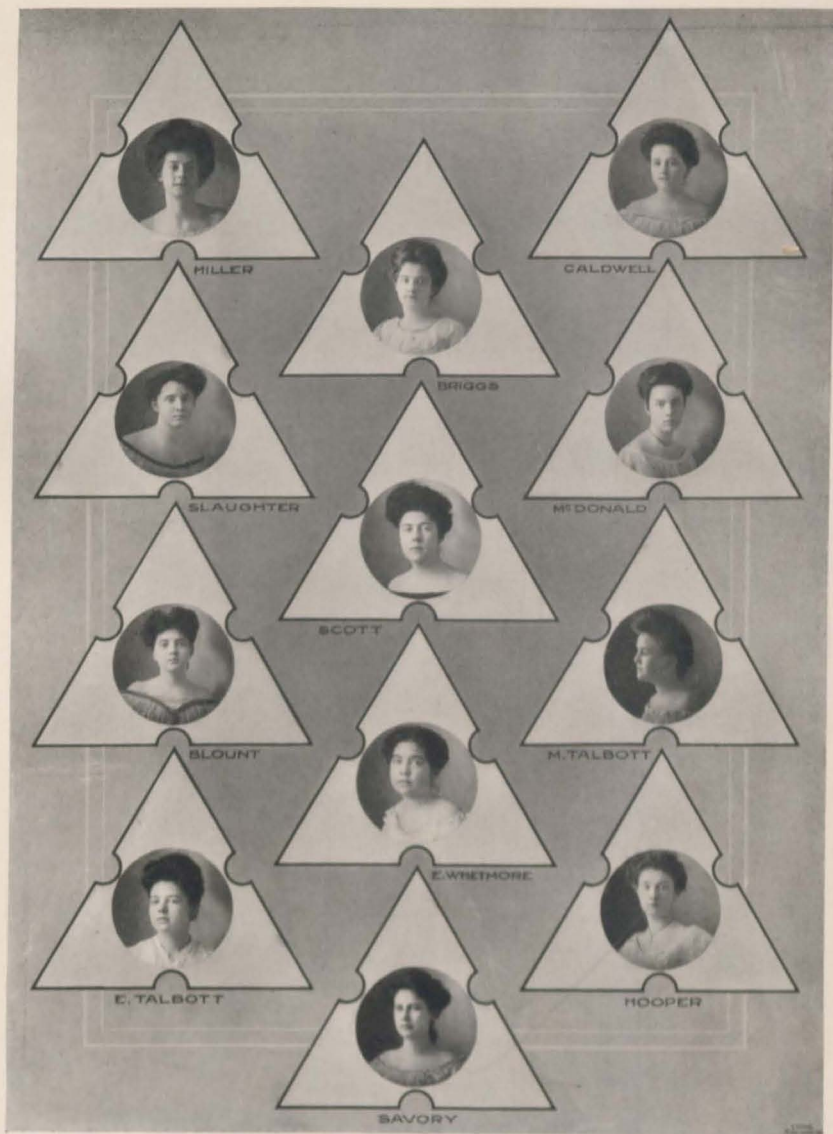
Established 1897 - Chartered 1903

| | |
|-------------------------------|--------------------------|
| ALPHA CHAPTER..... | Farmville, Virginia |
| BETA CHAPTER..... | Lewisburg, West Virginia |
| GAMMA CHAPTER..... | Lynchburg, Virginia |
| DELTA CHAPTER..... | Nashville, Tennessee |
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| THETA CHAPTER..... | Frederick, Maryland |
| HAMPTON ALUMNÆ CHAPTER..... | Hampton, Virginia |
| LEWISBURG ALUMNÆ CHAPTER..... | Lewisburg, West Virginia |

SORORES

Epsilon Chapter

| | |
|------------------------------|------------------|
| ADA KATHLEEN BLOUNT..... | Alabama |
| GRACE LEE BRIGGS..... | Virginia |
| MABELLE EVELYN CALDWELL..... | Texas |
| JEAN HOOPER..... | Colorado |
| LILA C. MACDONALD..... | Ohio |
| MABEL DOLORES MILLER..... | New York |
| ETHEL M. SAVORY..... | New Jersey |
| MARY E. SCOTT..... | Virginia |
| OLIVE SLAUGHTER..... | Indian Territory |
| EVELYN BOSWORTH TALBOTT..... | West Virginia |
| MARGUERITE TALBOTT..... | West Virginia |
| EUNICE MEIGS WETMORE..... | Indiana |





Chi Sigma

Esoteric until 1905

SORORES

LOUISE HALL

NINA RICHARDSON

JULIETTE DAUGHERTY

CLAUDIA WOOD

JULIA RICHARDSON

VIRGINIA MAVERICK

ROY DENMAN

FRANCES STEINER

FLOSSIE DENMAN

AILEEN AUSTIN

PLEDGES

CLARE DENMAN

MARGUERITE FRANK



STODOL
BOSTON



MAY POLE DANCE 1905

Cant she get the money ?
And doesn't she make us pay
Raking it in with a grasping hand?
Pinching our purses alway?
Ever and anon she signs her checks
Never falls short a cent, [clutch,]
The coin of Hollins she holds in her
Extorting it ALL is her bent.
Rah for our Business Manager.

With a voice like the thunder, she
fiercely yells,
Oh, always our battle cry loudly
swells,
On the frosty breeze, when our
orders she tells,
Down with the Blues!

THE
GREENMAN BARBER.

Hollins
Handbook for Verdant Freshmen

AN ACCURATE GUIDE
FOR THOSE WHO WISH TO SLIDE
THROUGH COLLEGE.

Replete with Helpful Hints, Condensed Criticisms, Dexterous
Dodges, and Stunning Stunts.

FROM "SPINSTER" PRESS
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

ELEVENTH REMODELED EDITION.

Denman, Hall and Denman, Editors,
Hollins, 1906.
Cable Address: "138 Waldorf."

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.



Go, little book, into the Freshies' hand
To guide her thru this curious land.
And may it be your only aim
To save poor Freshies from the teacher's blame.
So may these lines no one offend
If at her name some hits they send!

The objects of the Handbook are to supply the simple student with inside information, to set her wise concerning the giddy landscape, to warn her from the Hollins' Fads and Freaks, and to teach her how to get her money's worth.

Expenses.—Entirely dependent upon the victim's allowance, number of Darlings, Frat, appetite **and** cheek.

Currency.—(System strictly peculiar to Hollins)—Old shoes, mutilated jewelry, room-mate's gladdest rags, **and** cheek.

Baggage.—"Smart set," pennants **and** cheek.

Passports.—Man's jeweled frat pin, marcelle waves, spots, **and** unlimited cheek.

Climate.—Cool, Many Freshmen frozen out the first three months.

FAMOUS PLACES FRESHIE MUST VISIT.

Third Floor Waldorf.—Nabob Row, exclusive aristocratic residence district of the College Sports. No faculty allowed.

Society Halls.—Resorts of visiting parents, examination cram-mers, and Sunday-School Cutters.

Darling's Corner.—Haunt of the temporarily insane. Accommodations for two only.

Miss Parkinson's Office.—Relic of the Inquisition. Only one of its kind extant. Torture chamber for the reckless. Strenuously avoided by the knowing.

The Main.—Refuge for the left-overs.
There is a place even teachers butt not in
There is a place where dread of lessons dim
There is a place where e'er the Seniors go
Tread ye the Bridge,
My Freshie, naught's **de trop**.

E. G. P.

East Tinnymment.—Miss Thalia's kingdom.

Ball Room.—Freshies' parade ground.

Sulphur Spring.—Fount of concentrated essence of egg-juice.

Telephone Booth.—Most exclusive place at Hollins. Positively no admittance without written credentials from Miss Parkinson herself.

Laboratory.—Chamber of Horrors, den of hideous odors, harborer of the dread monster, "Experiment Book."

Uncle Billy's Garden.—The lovely care of a lovely old man.

NOTABLES ALL FRESHIES MUST KNOW.

FRANCES KITTEN LIGON.—The Hollins fanciful flirt and delving dig.

MARIONETTE STUART COCKE.—Sole inventor of accurately repeating phonograph. Victim of the **Quarterly** habit.

ROY EUEPIAN DENMAN.—A modern Machiavelli holding the key to the Texan souls which opens the door to Final Presidency.

AILEEN BANDBOX CALDWELL.—Most perfect specimen of Mrs. Jarley's Wax-Works.

ROSE McGABBLE SATTERFIELD.—Champion Honor Grabber. Self-appointed understudy for President, Business Manager, Secretary and Treasurer of Hollins.

MOPING LOUISE HALL.—Cry-baby Junior and shrinking sensitive plant.

ELISE FIERCE MILES.—Only and original would-be spit-fire.

MINNIE BOLD GRANT.—Would-be sport. Animated example of moral decay.

ANNOUNCING CAMPBELL.—Gossip and distributor of scandal tid-bits.

FLOSSIE FOLLOW DENMAN.—Harbinger of unuttered opinions and Freakish fads.

JAY DAUGHERTY.—A sentimental, bombastic Bob Acres.

BESSIE GRANDSTAND PORTER.—Eternal caterer to gallery applause; distinctive characteristics, bows, baby talk, pink silk hose.

TITTERING LOUISE CLARKE.—Concussion cap warranted to explode quite without provocation.

LUCILE ASKING LOYD.—Ever-present Food "Buttinsky."

VA. EXTRAVAGANT WILLINGHAM.—Supreme mistress of the "Don't Disturb" sign, positively nothing to lend but salt!

CATHERINE PRATING JONES.—Tiny, rapid-firing battery of inanely nonsensical absurdities.

BABE JEERING RICHARDSON.—A reincarnated Lady Sneerwell.

L. PAT-RONIZING MURPHY.—Brilliant satellite of stars of the moment.

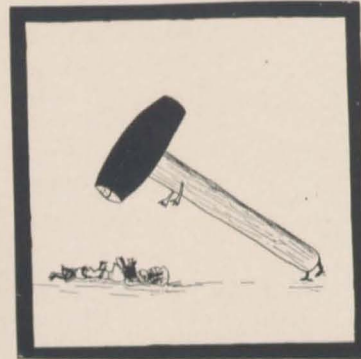
LALLIE SPEIL CARPENTER.—Hot air merchant, extensive dealer in concentrated essence of cloying flattery.

SENTIMENTAL TOMMY.—Stalker of "Junior Faculty."

MINCING BRADFORD.—The witty Darling grabber.

NONSENSICAL NAN DAVIS.—The would-be Sphinx.

MONSTERS THE FRESHIE SHOULD AVOID.

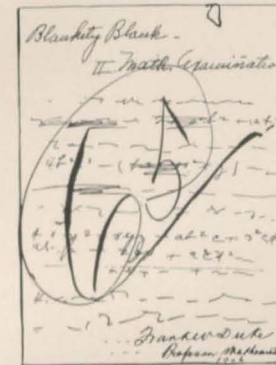


slaughter, and none are impervious to his venomous sting.

The Slam—A monster terrific whose frightful claws, spiteful digs, and subtle machinations wreck the most enduring friendships. Feeding on frat-lists, flunks and SPINSTER jokes (his favorite delicacy being "what she is at home.") He flourishes hydra-headed, in spite of the most stringent attempts to effect his

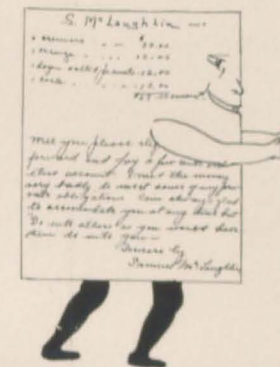


Grumbradapoly.—This is the horrible far-famed monster whose lair is in the midst of rattling pots and pans next the dining-hall. With rolling eyes he tranfixes the Freshie thru his loop-holes in the swinging-door, and woe be unto her if she taketh more than one slice of bread or three green peas. And dare ye not to beard him in his den. A dynamite explosion is no more to be feared!



cloven hoofs are made from the poor numskulls who each year fall victims to his dread clutches. Feeding ravenously upon futile crammings, good intentions, and wasted study-hours, he swoops upon the unwary, dragging them howling to his lair of oblivion.

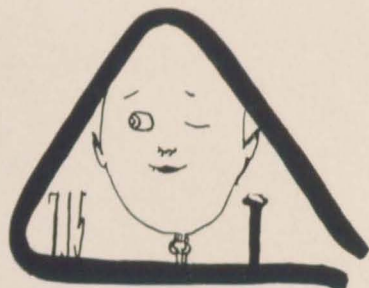
The Flunk.—This monster at the beginning of the session skulks in the shadowy background of Leisure, cunning in the knowledge that one premature glimpse at his frightful mien by flying Freshies would leave Hollins a wilderness. His horns, sharper than a serpent's tooth, are fond parents' disapproval; his scaly back is hardened by floods of bitter tears shed upon it year by year; his



The Unpaid Bill.—A gorgon headed monster of so ferocious an aspect that even the richest flee from his approach. Cruel and crafty, he hunts his victim by stealth, stalking ever beside her, luring with snares of "the next allowance from home." Woe to the simple stude who fleeth not from this hideous pest!



Keeper of the Cannon Ball.—A merciless monster with a heart of stone, who ever lies in wait for hapless Freshmen confidingly seeking his treacherous aid. With fiendish glee enticing the innocent into his den, he gorges the shrieking prey with hunks of fearful bitterness—the Cannon Ball!



The Triangle.—A monster with shrunkened diseased soul; the disturber of the tranquil and a menace to the peaceful. A creature delighting in clangings and hideous din; the confederate of the Whistle, and abettor of the Rising

Bell. Where will he go when he dies? Do not ask!





Athletic Statistics

ROSE MCGUIRE SATTERFIELD.....*President*

FLOSSIE FLOYD DENMAN*Vice-President*

SELENE NORVELL RADFORD*Tennis Manager*

Executive Committee

BESSIE PORTER

EVELYN TALBOTT

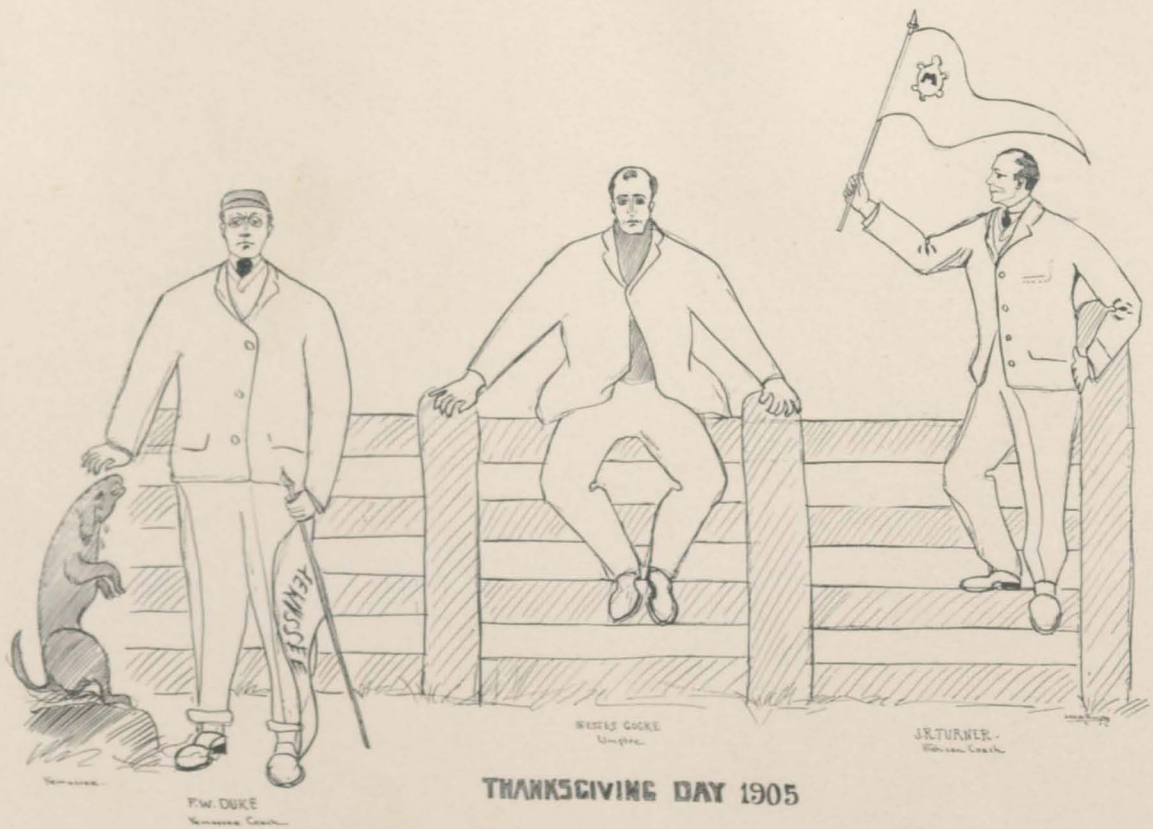
CLAUDIA WOOD

LAURA ARMITAGE

LALLIE LEE CARPENTER



ATHLETIC OFFICERS
Satterfield - Denman



THANKSGIVING DAY 1905





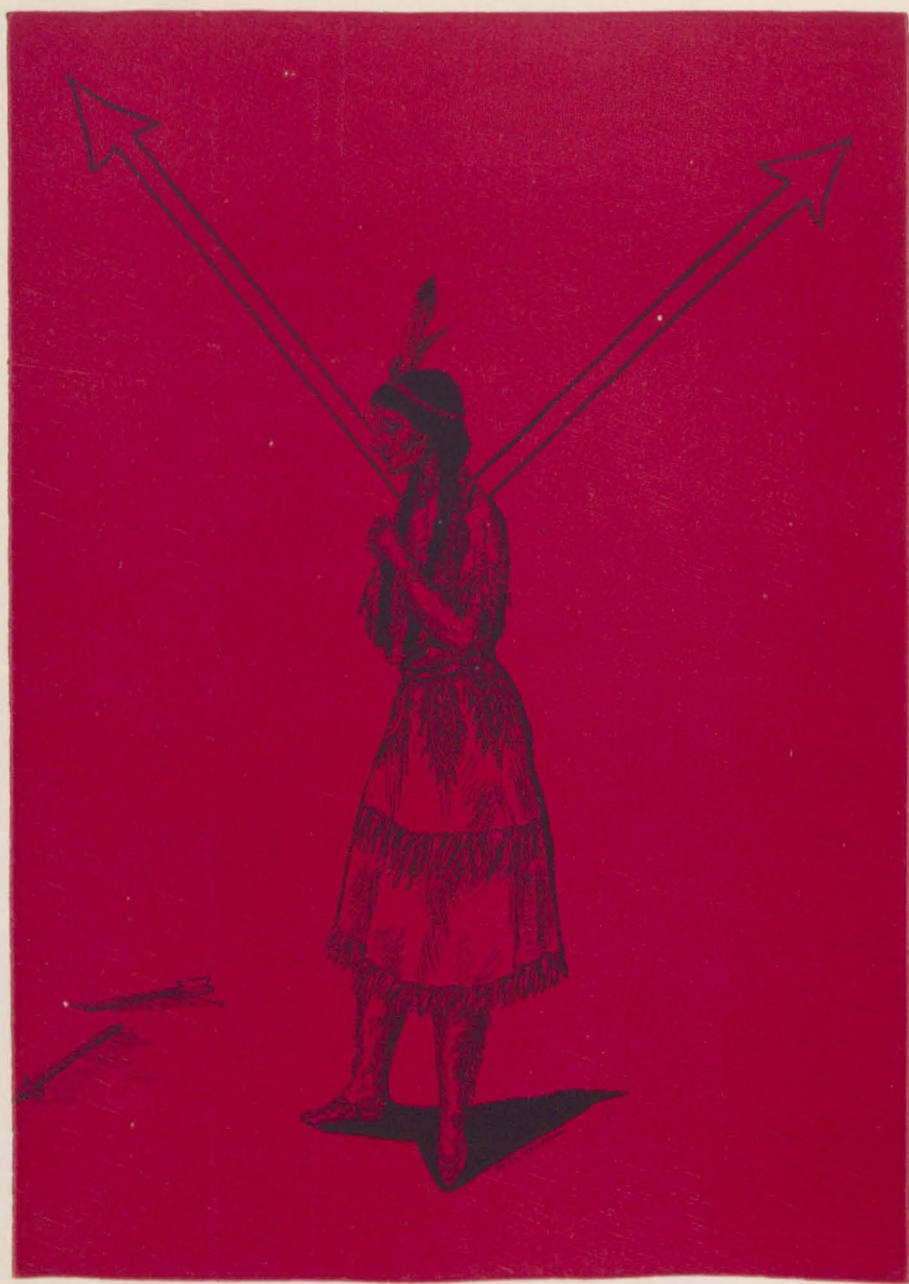
MOHICAN TEAM

EVELYN TALBOTT.....Captain J. A. TURNER.....Coach

Forwards {
TALBOTT
PHILLIPS
L. CARPENTER
SAVORY, Sub.

Centers {
SATTEFIELD
BURGIN
LOCKHART
CHEWNING, Sub.

Guards {
DAUGHERTY
L. L. CARPENTER
GRANT
KEARFOOT, Sub.





YEMASSEE TEAM

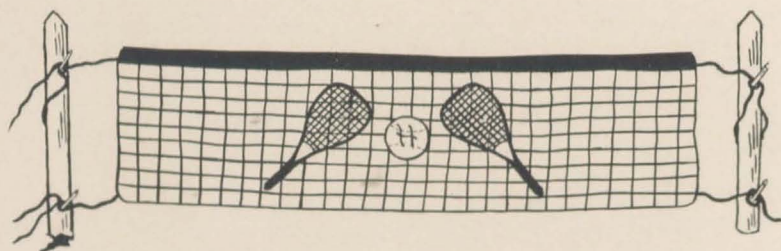
FLOSSIE FLOYD DENMAN, *Captain*

F. W. DUKE, *Coach*

Forwards {
WILSON
DUB
WICKS
BULLITT, *Sub.*

Centers {
WICKS
HILLIER
JONES
PAXTON, *Sub.*

Guards {
DENMAN
STEINER
ARMITAGE
NORTON, *Sub.*



The Tennis Club

SELENE RADFORD *Manager*

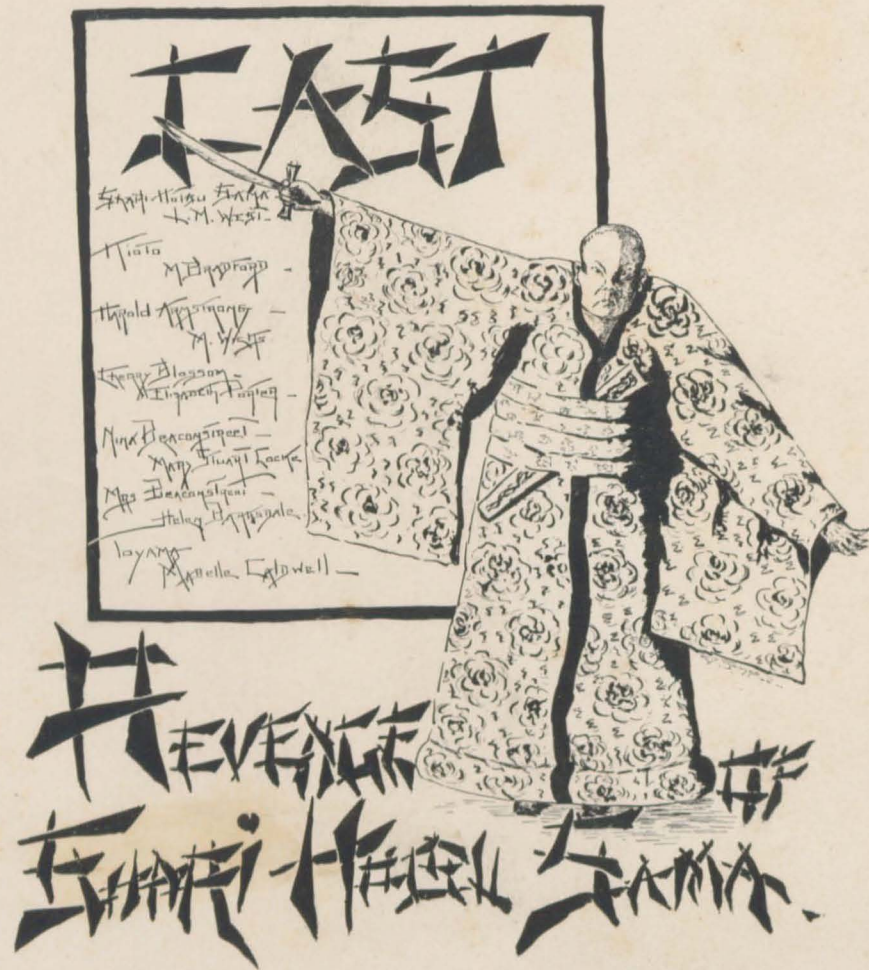
MEMBERS

| | | |
|----------------------|--------------------|--------------------|
| MARY PAXTON | MINNIE BELLE GRANT | CLAIRE DENMAN |
| EUDORA RAMSEY | MILDRED BRADFORD | ROY DENMAN |
| LAURA ARMITAGE | MARY MONTGOMERY | EUNA BARNETT |
| MAY CAMP | ELLIE MILLS | ETHEL SAVORY |
| JULIA RICHARDSON | | NINA RICHARDSON |
| MADELINE DUB | | LOUISE HALL |
| JULIETTE DAUGHERTY | | CARRIE POOLE |
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| LALAGE OATES | | NELLIE ANDERSON |
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| JOSEPHINE SUSONG | | HELEN STEINER |
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| LOUISE CARPENTER | | EDITH MCFALL |
| FLORENCE LOCKHART | MARY JONES | MAY HALEY |
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| LALLIE LEE CARPENTER | HAZEL WALKER | CLARA ELLEN FORBES |
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| RUTH SMITH | | MARTHA CANTY |
| IRENE BOWLES | | LAURA NOTTINGHAM |



TENNIS CLUB

THE SPINSTER HOME JOURNAL



JUNE 1906

THE SPINSTER PUBLISHING COMPANY

FIFTEEN CENTS

Copywrong, 1906 (Trade Mark not Registered), by The Spinster Publishing Company in the United States, Hollins, and Cloverdale

Will You Tell Me?

A Page of Careful Answers to Questions that are Asked Us

Q. Why is not the "Marcelle Wave" for mine? After agonizing nights the result is nil! Yet my room-mate under the same treatment thrives and waxes curlier day by day.

CURLY (?) COCKE.

Ans. It is evident that you have not carefully read our Pretty Girl Papers.

Q. Is the name Gordon as good in Richmond as it is in Memphis?

E. GORDON PORTER.

Ans. He is received by some of the members of our Capitol Club.

SPINSTER SATTERFIELD.

Q. Please tell me a remedy for Fatty Degeneration of the Hips.

SOLICITOUS LULU.

Ans. I refer you to the Five Minute Daily Exercise in Pretty Girl Papers of this issue of the HOME JOURNAL.

Q. What is the yearly income of a naval officer and will he give his wife half?

MERCENARY MEANS.

Ans. My dear, it all depends upon your pumping qualities.

Q. Will I ever be able to retrieve my reputation if once I take upon myself the name of coward?

ELIGIBLE EDITH.

Ans. Not as long as you stay in South Carolina but Dakota will do it.

Q. Is it the correct thing for me to receive a jockey in my home? He is of a good family in Kentucky—but he will jock.

PUNCTILIOUS PAULINE.

Ans. If he is, as you say, a social Lyon in Kentucky, circumstances may alter cases, but jockeys are not generally received in polite society.

Q. Do you think Jones a very common name?

ARISTOCRATIC ROSE.

Ans. Why no; there are quite as many Walkers as Joneses. Don't allow this to worry you any more.

Q. Am I wise in making English my life work?

WORRIED WEST.

Ans. We have the matter under consideration and will answer in our next issue.

Q. Please send me a reliable receipt for curing Ham.

TIMID THOMAS.

Ans. Your question came in late.

Q. Does Herb love me? He is awful generous to me, but he has never said anything.

ANXIOUS ANNIS.

Ans. My dear, consult the stars. They know best.

Q. Do you not think that I am justifiable in resenting the girls knowing my affaire d'amour when I have only told two hundred and forty nine out of a possible two hundred and fifty about my engagement to Burny?

BABBLING BABS.

Ans. My dear, since you are so young—only sixteen—I must tell you that people will know things when you make a point of telling them.

Q. Can you tell me a sure way of convincing others, as I am myself convinced, of my big part in school life?

HARASSED HAYWARD.

Ans. If you refer to "big" avoirdupois I should think it would be evident without more convincing proof. But with reference to importance I must ask you to send me a better testimonial than the above.

Q. I have been most persistent in my courtship of "Sweet Popularity" and the fickle creature has turned me down. What would you do about it?

BUTTING BRADFORD.

Ans. Go home.

Q. I am a little sunbeam in my school but my light is growing dim. How can I brighten its rays?

GOOSE GRANT.

Ans. Keep from before the foot-lights.

Q. Can you tell me what will insure my popularity in addition to my position as Waldorf chef, numerous appearances in the SPINSTER, and being a hail-fellow-well-met?

ANXIOUS CAMPBELL.

Ans. Be generous with your store of school news to your companions.

Q. Can you explain why I find such genuine pleasure in a Morris chair?

KURIOUS KATE.

Ans. Psychology explains this by the law of association of ideas.

Q. How can I get that air "Boss" to let me go home?

POUTING HORSLEY.

Ans. Continue your ardent church-going and that will frighten her sufficiently.

Q. The Roanoke men are so generous they pursue me with invitations to dinner and implore engagements for drives. Give me a neat way in which to refuse them.

MAIMED MAYME.

Ans. Be less communicative with strangers.

Q. How can I keep people from constantly reminding me of my beauty?

LOVELY LOUISE W.

Ans. Be haughty.

Q. Please inform us how we can keep other people from encroaching on our privacy.

LITTLE STONES.

Ans. Always stick together—don't associate with outsiders.

Q. I am very much hampered by references from the professors. How can I avoid them?

ELIZABETH HEART SNATCHER.

Ans. Drop music.

Q. Can you tell us what is the matter with L. Puryear this year? Her condition is alarming, and her symptoms have become more obvious day by day. They are principally a desire to smile accompanied by intermittent fits of self-importance.

ANXIOUS FRIENDS.

Ans. This disease is not fatal, but must not be allowed to go too far. It is very often the result of authority in the library, and only time will effect a permanent cure.

Q. How can I skip class without interfering with my conscience?

GOODY MINNIE BELLE.

Ans. Rent Annis' Conscience.

Q. I suffer with nervous headaches, and have as yet found no cure. Can you suggest some simple but effective remedy?

SUFFERING SUSIE.

Ans. Electric shocks, my dear, have been proven to give immediate relief. However, it takes more than one shock to effect a permanent cure.

Q. Is it considered proper in the best Roanoke society to call my new brown foulard, "my spring trousseau?"

COLD CODFISH, Cripple Creek, Colorado.

Ans. No, a trousseau is generally supposed to consist of at least two articles, but in Cripple Creek it may be different.

Q. Why is it that I am never able to detect any servants going to the store for the young ladies? I have concealed myself behind the gate posts, and at various points along the road, for hours at a time, and have offered great inducements to any one who is caught by me. Still, sixty is the largest number I have yet apprehended in a single day.

TROUBLED TURNER.

Ans. Probably you are not vigilant enough. If at first you don't succeed, try, try again.

Q. I have been very much annoyed of late by observing my pictures in the watches of the young professors. Personally, I do not mind this, but on account of the objections of my friends, I feel that I must put a stop to it. Can you suggest a method which I may adopt?

FASCINATING FLORENCE.

Ans. We would advise you not to remain at one college longer than ten years.

Q. Why is it that although I rise at five every morning to study, that I not only fail to crack a book, but have to rush to get to breakfast on time?

MARTYRED MAY.

Ans. I daresay you are too accommodating. Do not agree to wake more than thirty girls a morning.

Q. My voice is so low that I find great difficulty in making myself heard even from West Building to the store. Can you suggest a mild method of strengthening it? As I am very frail, I would prefer not to take any strenuous steps.

CAUTIOUS CLAUDIA.

Ans. We know of no one who can help you more than Bernery Ray Waddell. Join her section of H Lit., so as to have the full benefit of her example.

That Reminds Me

Some Bright Things That We Laugh At

Episode from "Spinster" Play

KOTO (M. Bradford, in midst of play rehearsal)—"I say, before we go on any further, tell me who is 'Tempus Fugit'?"

Harold Armstrong (M. Wicks)—"Well, I don't know, but I guess it must be me!"

A Bit of Bible History.

MISS Aileen Caldwell (contemplating entering Bible Class)—"Well, Dr. Taylor, I don't know much about the Bible, but I do know one thing. I know all about Juliet at the well!"

Aunt Emma and the Tarts

OR

How She Fooled Mrs. Barbee.

E. MILES (vociferously)—"Aunt Emma, got any tarts?"

Aunt E. (cautiously)—"Sh—h, honey, don't you know Mrs. Barbee doan lemme sell tarts?"

E. Miles (craftily)—"Alright. Aunt Emma, I'll spell it so Aunt Bess won't know what I'm talking about."

Aunt Emma—"Alright, honey, that's jest what you do."

"Aunt Emma, got any T—A—R—T—S?"

Mrs. Barbee comes round corner. (Exeunt omnes.)

Mails and Males.

L. Carpenter—"I declare I am worried to death. I haven't heard from Walter for a whole day!"

P. Denman—"Well, I'll tell you, you can't depend on these mails, anyway."

L. Carpenter—"Oh, I can depend on Walter!"

Wasn't She Brave?

MISS HORSELEY (calmly)—"I can't come at three o'clock, Miss Cleveland."

Miss C. (enraged)—"Why, Miss Horseley, you must come. It is your class."

Miss H.—"I just can't come. I have an engagement to walk with my darling."

She is hauled to Miss Mattie. Tableau! Presto! Another engagement broken!

Ambiguous—Rather.

A. I. C. (excitedly)—"Oh, Rose, you certainly must come and stay a month with me next summer."

R. M. S. (despairingly)—"Well, Sherlock, I just can't ever come again. You know my reputation is ruined in Lynchburg. Everybody there thinks I'm so innocent."

Subdued roar from audience.

Our May Queen—Night Before.

I've lain awake all night, Elise, and kicked you out of bed. 'Twas not for spite that I did so but the pain within my head. These knots must be in curl, Elise, 'fore dawning of the day. For I'm to be Queen of the May, Elise, I'm to be Queen of the May.

I may look like a little imp with horns about my brow, But think about the morrow, dear, and not about the now. You call me vain and haughty but I care not what you say, For I'm to be Queen of the May, Elise, I'm to be Queen of the May.

And when you see me on the lawn among my maids so fair, You'll forget the sights you've seen to-night for the curlin' in my hair. Perhaps for this I'll answer "guilty" on the Senior Banquet Day. For I'll have been Queen of the May, Elise, I'll have been Queen of the May.

Found; Eureka.

"WELL, Mr. Duke, I have at last found the limit," triumphantly exclaimed one of the stars of Math. I.

"You hav'?" exclaimed Mr. Duke, brightening visibly. "That's good! now can you explain it to me?"

"Yes," said the brilliant one. "It was that written lesson you gave us yesterday."

Illustrating the Brilliancy of History II.

MISS TERRELL was rapidly developing the history of the English race.

"Now, Miss Curtis," she inquired, "through what channel did the Roman element come into England?"

For a moment Miss Curtis looked puzzled, then with the assurance of an inspiration, she answered triumphantly. "Why, the English Channel, of course."

Nothing if Not Thorough.

"THESE places may be found in the Map of Utopia," read a conscientious student of English II. "We'd better look them up before we go any further, I guess," wearily commented her friend.

Then What's a Steward For?

MR. BRADLEY was waxing enthusiastic. "No, indeed," he finished, confident of his victory. "I have the strictest orders from Mr. Turner, Miss Hall, that nothing to eat shall ever enter this dining-room door."

And his point was won.

Rather Cheap.

"WHERE are you going?" inquired a fresh new girl, on seeing two of the associate editors of the Quarterly hurrying to the Senior Parlor, with an important air.

"Oh, we're just taking these things to eat to the 'Quarterly Meeting,'" they responded loftily. "Oh," exclaimed the enlightened new girl, "each one of you has to pay a quarter, do you not?"

Found; Eureka.

"WELL, Mr. Duke, I have at last found the limit," triumphantly exclaimed one of the stars of Math. I.

"You hav'?" exclaimed Mr. Duke, brightening visibly. "That's good! now can you explain it to me?"

"Yes," said the brilliant one. "It was that written lesson you gave us yesterday."

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We wipe out that disagreeable, soupy taste, not a
little but all of it

THINK IT OVER

An empty TOMATO CAN waved over a caldron of water

—AND—

THERE YOU ARE

BRADLEY'S SOUPS

Think of it

21 kinds



A Maniac's Revenge.

By Rostiana Satterthelding.

Illustrations by Patricio Murphie.

SHE HAD been terribly queer ever since the egg exploded with such vehemence in his hands. But his wife put it down to a "slight concussion of the nerves, produced by the irrational eruption of the albuminous portion of the egg, tending to a rather inconvenient, but by no means alarming, irascibility of disposition." But then she was a Boston Blue Stocking! (God save the mark) and was not really responsible for her liquid flow of language. She had married Henry James in a fit of longing for his filthy lucre and had always regretted his obscure origin. But lately he had become almost unbearable, so terribly testy, don't you know. He seemed to have been egged on to it so to speak, for he had always been so amiable.

Why when Maria (her name was a constant source of annoyance to the portly dame—she would much have preferred Portia or Desdemona) returned late one night from a Mother's Meeting, having forgotten her latch key, Henry James instead of answering the door like any well trained other half stuck his head from an upper window and jeered, bobbing the tassel to his night cap belligerently and yelling: "You didn't come home until morning," and so on through the remainder of that obnoxious song. Maria was visibly disturbed and with a tremolo movement of her hefty form quavered, "Why, Henry James Brown, for the love of heaven, descend that I may enter, for already am I chilled and the night air is keen."

"Oh, yes, you wouldn't put mustard in your soup to-day—would you? Oh! I'll pay you back—you're a mean fat old woman," which was the finishing touch to Maria, for she was "unpen enbonpoint," never fat. Oh! dear, no; and Henry James had been so careful in bygone days not to mention the fatty degeneration of his spouse.

After much persuasion he had let her in, but in a manner calculated to try the evenness of nerves. With due deliberation he had opened the door for a space just about two inches wider than the width of the stout lady and then said:

"Now skin through Maria, and if you ain't through by the time I count three I'm a-going to leave you sticking in the door."

Maria skinned and then was forced to bob violently up the stairs pursued by her nimble husband who terrified her by insisting on a game of tag. After that Maria always took her latch key.

But then "Mr. Brown was only a trifle

sportive, allowing himself a necessary relaxation after the strenuous pursuit of his affairs, surely one should enter into one's husband's moods." She entered truly enough, in fact she waded through them.

Things went from bad to worse and from worse they went to—well, I'll leave you to imagine. But the unsuspecting Maria progressed with stately trend along the flowery path of life, giving no heed to what Henry James might bring forth on the morrow. He playfully spanked her (shades of her childhood agonies!) one morning because she snagged her dress, and still Maria heeded

"Vile woman," he shrieked in stentorian tones, "earth worm, chestnut worm, do you realize what you have done?"

And a latent memory of his mad grandfather stirred in Maria's troubled brain.

"Do you realize, you fat old viper—can you take in the enormity of your offense?" and he glowered fiercely and brandished the weapon on high.

"Oh, Henry James," gasped the panting one.

"Not a word, madame. I am going to kill you because you keep a yellow canary."

And he lunged toward her.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

The Seven Best Selling Books of the Year.

(With all Necessary Apologies.)

THE GIRL OF THE HOUR (by Franceski Ligoff.)

Although rather conservative and serious in tone, this book is one of the strongest novels of modern days and shows real literary talent. The lack of humor is rather depressing, but this slight defect is well balanced by the musical flow of the language. The characters are developed with conscientious care, and the plot is worked out with due regard to logical sequence.

Especially complimentary notices of this work are found in the Alberti Advertiser and the Cummings Courier.

THE SPIELERS (by the author of The Financiers.)

A most entertaining and complicated plot, full of intrigues and adventures, is that of The Spielers. The author departs from the course of ordinary experience in some instances, it is true, but this only adds to the zest of the story, abounding in unexpected by-plays. The element of suspense is ever present, and the book is written somewhat in the style of a detective novel, all the telling details being managed with marvellous ability.

Complimentary press notices concerning this novel have been received from the Dartmouth Democrat and the Turner Business Herald.

THE FORTUNES OF FLOSSIE is one of a series of four volumes, to which, it is rumored, still another sequel, entitled Susanna, will appear within two years. We can not say that the author's style teems with graceful figures and musical beauty. The most Continued on page 9.



not. Nevertheless, the crisis was surely approaching notwithstanding the absorption of Mrs. Brown in her "Psychical Research," but she wotted not of it and turned a dull ear to the rumble of approaching thunder.

One spring day she was searching vigorously in the garret for an old paper on "A Philosophical Review of the Situation in the Philippines," and she panted noisily as her no longer svelte person dived into trunks and boxes. Approaching footsteps drew nearer rapidly, then stopped, and Maria glancing up casually, when what should meet her mild-Jersey-cow-like eyes but the apparition of her own Henry James almost foaming at the mouth, with a huge butcher knife raised aloft in one hand.



The Editorial Page

EDITOR'S NOTE.

BY the unanimous consent of the SPINSTER'S HOME JOURNAL staff we have, owing to the complaints of our numerous readers, left out in this issue Lady Betty, Teddy, and Alice Roosevelt. Though we realize the enormity of the lack thus incurred, we beg their admirers' pardon for the general public has grown weary of their breakfasts, dresses, love-makings, etc., and perforce let us draw the veil of obscurity over their distinguished countenances for this semester.

LADIES and gentlemen—ah, ladies, I should say—I want to thank Mr. Cocke, your esteemed Professor of Science, for his kind words of introduction. As he said, "when we were boys we were lads together," and it was with much real pleasure that I accepted his invitation to address the young ladies of Hollins.

Strange to say I do not feel nervous in speaking to so many young ladies and—er—so many young ladies at the same time, but my—er—entire anatomical system might not be able to—er—support the shock if I had been forced—yes, forced—to address the other sex—well the friends of the "calicos."

To be sure this is not the first time I have visited Hollins, in fact—er—I have resided here for the best part, or you might think the worst part, of four long years. However, the pleasure in being with you to-night is none the less.

My subject this evening is a scientific one. I hope that the term "scientific" will not lull you to sleep, nor yet, young ladies, bring you to that hair-dressing stage, which though probably unbeknown to you, is most distracting to the lecturer—ahem.

My subject is, "A Collection of Curios Counted and Classed as A. B.'s; But in Truth They are a Band of Artificers Arranging to Baffle the Bachelors in Autumn—or Rightly 'Debutantes.'"

I have here some slides—for fear of having the hall hastily vacated I will not tell you how many I brought. I prepared them sometime ago when studying this subject. The plates are taken from real life. (Here one slide of Senior Class '06 is put on, and being the only one, it remains.)

Ah, here we are! Here is a very—er—curious specimen known as Roy Denman, formerly of the genus Euepian, now Chi Sigma. Possessing powerful cramming ability and strong intellectual powers. The only Roy, kind friends, in existence.

(Points to Satterfield.) This is known as the Rose animal, sounds as though it ought to belong to the vegetable-kingdom—not so

—for it's a shark when it comes to avoirdupois. This one weighs three hundred and forty-seven pounds. You can see it is like a monkey—only more so.

(Points to Wilson and Ligon.) Now these two great beasts inhabit the same climes; often found on Tinker Mountain—less frequently on Dead Man. But if you take a walk with Mr. Alberti somewhere in that region you will find them, Frances Ligon with the music master, Susie Wilson with Ligon—or else they'll find you, provided you stroll with Mr. Alberti. But they are not dangerous.

Next slide please.
(Slide is taken out, only to be put in again.) Which is this? Oh! yes, I see. Here is another harmless domestic animal—M. S. Cocke. Its distinguishing characteristic is the concealed way in which it shows its teeth. This betokens no savage disposition but gives rather a self-sufficient and self-satisfied air to its bearing.

These two—Flossie and Carpenter—show a decided desire at present to dwell northward in the vicinity of Dartmouth. This one known as Lallie Carpenter passes a weary existence, sustained by Kennedy crackers, Dartmouth violets and Page and Shaw's chocolates. This other known as Flossie is not like the other Denman, and is differentiated from her kind by writing brilliant letters which result in French love novels finding their way to this animal's jungle, or to be more specific the third floor west.

Next slide please. (Same as before.) Oh, yes, I see which it is. This one is the oldest of the Anderson tribe. Before you stands a mental phenomenon—Mary Anderson. Perhaps it is not just plain to you what a phenomenon is.

Well, if you should see Louise Murphy and Rebekah Phillips on the bridge together—that would not be a phenomenon. Or if you should see Rebekah and Louise on the back gallery together, that would assuredly not be a phenomenon. But—er—if you should see Pat alone on the bridge or Becky alone on the gallery, that would be a phenomenon.

Now we come to an animal ascetic in its habits. It is May McLaughlin and it haunts lonely jungles, its lair is found where plenty abounds. Its mental powers are evident.

With this slide I finish. I wish I could finish them, the B. A.'s or properly the Biography of Animals. Thanking you all for your kind attention, I wish to say that there is one more slide prepared on which I slide out.

LILY WEST.

SOME TIME ago, at the instigation of the venerable and much respected Dr. Dick, founder of the All-American Star Medicine Men

—Unlimited—I have made it my practice to investigate, in that quiet and orderly way which has always been my custom, all its branch proprietors—in urbe or at Hollins. This is intended to determine if the business is progressing along the germ lines of modern invention. My curiosity was first aroused and my hopes excited at the recent great meeting of that august body, on which occasion the most prominent figure—Drake—read amidst thundering applause a paper entitled, "The Way to Teach Physiology." His methods were so admirable that it was conclusively proved that this eminent doctor could teach a greater amount of Physiology to an absent class than an ordinary man to a class present. A medal was struck for him—his class motto: "Attendance and Attention," being inscribed upon it!

I called immediately at his Hollins office (hours from 9:22 to 9:54 every other Friday) and engaged him in conversation which, how I will ever hesitate to say, soon drifted into his part in the Civil War. And now, I will disclose to the public things that I deem should not be withheld. (I put my remarks in the form of a history diagram.)

FIRST:—The door opened and a pale girl entered.

"Doctor," she cried, "I am going blind! Help me!"

"I've got the very thing," and rising, he went to a large barrel which I had not noticed. He returned, in his hands two large pills about the dimensions of tennis balls, I should say. The girl looked thankful and retired.

SECOND:—The door was again hastily opened and two girls entered. "Doctor," they moaned, "give us something good for an English examination."

"The very thing!" and again he went to the barrel and again the pleased maidens retired.

I could stand no more. "Doctor, give me a sample of this wonderful cure," I cried. He readily complied, and with the aid of two assistants I bore them to the Physics Laboratory. Professor Cocke was gazing out of the window.

"Have you a class?" I inquired, fearing that I had intruded.

"Well, I don't know. I am trying to think now," he replied absently.

Together we dissected the wonderful remedy which I knew must revolutionize the science of warfare if not of medicine. At the last analysis it was found to contain one entire part of water to two solid of pulverized sugar!

I count this my last experiment. I have found the man who can baffle science!—M. S. Cok.



His Sister's Letters

Mr. Jack Finley, a freshman at Yale, is shown how young gentlemen are regarded by young ladies

in general, and by his sister Jean, aged eighteen, in particular

DEAREST JACK:—It was quite nice of you to ask me to coach you on "the ways of girls, and the light in which they regard men." This all depends on how the light falls, what part it illuminates, and whether it is becoming to the girl.

"What are the decided symptoms of love?" For heaven's sake! what a question. Some people say *le grand passion* is a rosy pain of the heart, but from the effect produced, the ignorant might imagine a mild form of delirium tremens or St. Vitus' Dance. In exaggerated cases of long standing, this may develop into a slow decline, beautiful to look at but trying on the nerves and productive of disturbances in the family.

Judging from experience and scattered remarks, a young man resolves on the way to his lady love's to say the fatal words in a smooth and impressive manner, calculated to soothe a cat or appease an angry cabman. He is confident of his answer and mentally shakes hands with himself in congratulation of the coming nuptials. However, on arriving at the door he is surprised and pained that that extremely sympathetic organ, the heart, has lost a beat suddenly and caught up over rapidly. But his purpose is firm. Once within all will be well, yet in the hall he experiences a marked drop in temperature, and an astonishing tendency of his pedal extremities toward a complete collapse.

Another door opens and he is with her. Oh, resolution, where is thy victory; oh, conscience, where is thy sting? With careful carelessness he starts toward his intended, avoids the table, trips with easy grace on the rug and brings up, outwardly smiling, at her feet, mixed thoroughly with books, chairs, and bric-a-brac in a wholesome disregard for all formality. But within! Look not within. Having expressed his wrath silently, he gazes, helplessly crushing an imaginary foe in the form of a valuable ornament, shocked to find that his English has deserted him in a most cowardly fashion at the critical moment.

Finally, after having exploded a few highly original remarks as to the weather, he makes a hasty exit, steps on his hat, and falling down the steps, leaves for the nearest place of safety.

But this is an instance. If a man possesses some things, Jacky, he is safe and no amount of broken furniture can dim his charms. He must wear stylish collars, his trousers must be creased, and above all things his hair must be parted on the side. Without attention to these details he is a flat failure.

Next to a pleasing disposition of your person your care must be centered on that barometer of feminine feelings (don't start), the pompadour.

A remark as to the beauty of toilette will lead to a satisfied

patting of the fluffy structure; one on the pleasant blowing of a curl to an indignant motion to hunt cover, moved, seconded and put into execution by the owner of the abused pompadour.

In conclusion, and generally speaking, beware of being in love with more than six girls at a time. They have a disagreeable habit of finding it out. If one lives at the North Pole and another in Central Africa, the result is exactly the same and the consequences are wholly startling and very likely to be most embarrassing for the evil doer.

Lastly, you ask what you must do when some of the girls who fall to your lot, are pretty and some ugly. The pretty one is alright. Talk to her where you please, when you please, and as much as you please. But in the case of the ugly one a dose of moonlight judiciously administered is the antidote I know. She will be flattered (don't overlook the compliment), and you comfortable and martyred. What more is necessary for a direct descendant of Adam?

When you bowl with Cupid try for the central pin or he'll score against you. (Neat figure, isn't it?). Take my advice, Jack, I am old enough to know, and write often to your

Interested,

JEAN.

Latest Coiffures at Hollins

A la fan-tailed pigeon—See W. Villingham, E. Kyle and Fary Marish

Three buns in a net on nape of neck—Babblyn Brooks Bodfish on the wave only rivalled by Miss Miles perpetration of Marcelle wave.

Coiffure a la corkscrew—B. Porter, L. Caldwell, A. Seay.

Coiffure a la toque—C. Bryan.

Chorus Girl pompadour (?) —M. Paxton.

Little Stories

TURNER & BRADLEY Fine China

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Must be at least 150 carat fine.

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NEVER EVEN DENTS
When writing mention
SPINSTER.

Why Does Hollins Allow This?



Spinster Home Journal.

Seven Best Selling Books

Continued from Page 5

brilliant and carefully worked out part of the book is clearly the chapter entitled "Let us to Perry!" It is decidedly a modern novel, with its modern, golden-haired heroine, who goes in for all athletic sport with the heartiest enthusiasm. "She dares do all that may become" an athlete and a Texan, for she is a daring creature of the western prairies. Comments of like nature upon this strange, but interesting, character have been made by Mr. F. W. Duke, an eminent sportsman. Undoubtedly the work has literary merit, though, we may say in closing, somewhat of an effort is necessary in order to discover this.

THE NONCHALANTE, by E. F. Duches, is rather a cynical book, although daintily gotten up in an artistic mold. The superficial reader is apt to be charmed merely by the beautiful expressions and picturesque style of this little work, without stopping to look deeper. But a more careful reading will reveal much more than is seen on the surface. There are few climax scenes, and the author shows almost a disdain for the violent emotions, preferring, it would seem, to appeal only to the aesthetic sense. However, we feel that the tone of indifference pervading the whole is merely a mask to hide the efforts of the author to keep pace with the *blase* tendency of the times.

This book has received its greatest sale at the University of Virginia, and was very favorably criticised in the *Euzelian Enterprise*.

MADAMME BUTTERFLY (by Lizzie P. Gordon, author of *The Revenge of Shari-Hatsu*, and other Japanese stories).

In this light work, something on the order of the *Dolly Dialogues*, the author has endeavored to portray an eccentric, wilfully erratic heroine, whose impulsive actions especially attract us. The plot is slight and the structure loose. The chief value of the work undoubtedly lies in its artistic merit.

ROSE O' CARVAN'S CREEK, effervescent with fine Irish wit, bubbling over with fun and good spirits is this latest production of the author of *The House of Mirth*. It furnishes delightful companionship to all phases of character, and no one can read it without enthusiasm. Yet it seems a pity

Continued on Page 11

Advice to College Girls

Or How to Luxuriate on Nothing a Month.

COLLEGE girls receiving a monthly stipend varying from five dollars to five dollars and nineteen and one-half cents, frequently write letters asking me to tell them through the columns of the *SPINSTER HOME JOURNAL*, how to live and appear as well as the girl whose fond parents bestow upon their spoiled child the munificent sum of twenty-five dollars and two and two-thirds cents every month.

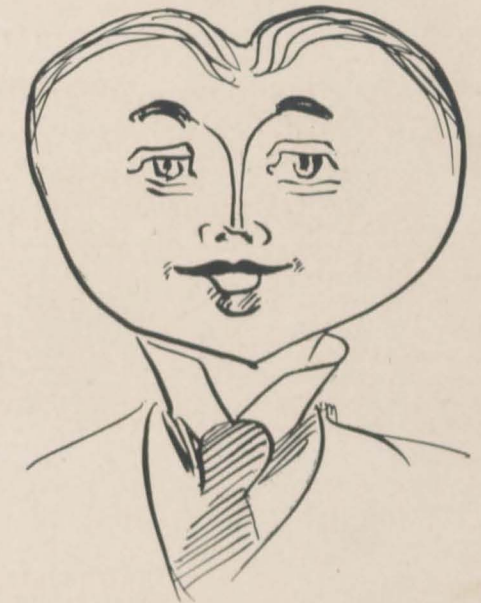
Really, girls, its the easiest thing in the world, however difficult it may, at first, seem to inexperienced financiers, and your parents know best when they fixed the five-dollar limit. Of course, there are several fundamental rules to be laid down as a basis from which all operations should be made and these must be carefully observed. First of all, you must have an idea, however vague, of management. The second requisite is a good, strong, unshrinkable imagination; this is for use in your letters home and will be taken up in detail later on. Then the next move is to secure a "darling"—one who sends play tickets and candy and such things. If possible obtain one who adores at a distance—they are lots more convenient. All these, however, dwindle into insignificance when you come to consider the last indispensable—an abundant supply of good hard unparalleled "cheek." This is absolutely necessary.

Now you are ready to begin. Don't be economical—There's no use of it and its invariably most uncomfortable. After you have been at Hollins for a short while, you soon find out, through experience, that the best way to apportion your funds is as follows:

| | |
|----------------------------------|------------|
| Play tickets..... | \$1.00 |
| Flowers for friends in play..... | 0.05 |
| At the store..... | 3.95 |
| Y. W. C. A..... | 0.04 |
| Cocke Memorial Fund... | 0.15 |
| Stamps to write home... | 0.00 3/4 |
| Total..... | \$5.19 3/4 |

This is but a very meagre skeleton of your expenses at Hollins, but the elaborations are yours for

Continued on Page 11.



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The Care of the Hair.

THE perfect hair has two essential characteristics—curl and a fancy back comb. All girls can not have beautiful hair but there is not one who can not by her own efforts have correct hair. There is still a great deal of hope for you if you are really in earnest. The best hair I ever knew belonged to a girl who did a great deal of work on it.

I must tell you about this friend of mine. She did all her own cooking, washing, ironing, sewing, chopped the wood, kept a bee, built her house and made herself a nice railroad train. Besides she found time to run out every night and kill a little kid, skin it, pick some cotton, run it through the gin, and make herself nine curl papers.

Now, I am sure no girl can afford to neglect the golden opportunities for her hair, especially at night.

Good Health for Girls.

THIS is the season when you should avoid being ill. If you catch cold you will probably have a cold.

E. C. W.—The best advice I can give you is to consult your physician. Otherwise if I tell you, you may do just the thing which would be the worst for you. E. Th—tch—r.—Brilliant coloring is not natural to all girls. This is a matter that can not be intelligently attended to by correspondence.

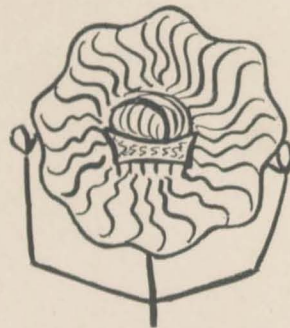
R—y D—nm—n.—Do not worry about your nose. Nearly all of us have some feature which we would like to change.

Mrs. B. C. B.—In our changeable climate woolen underclothing is a great protection.

A Five Minute Daily Exercise.

MISS TER W.—Touch the ceiling with the tips of the fingers and the floor with the crown of

the head. Stand on one toe and flex all the others of the right foot while the heel of the left foot is on the floating ribs.



In the morning she rose before the sun, chased a tortoise, caught him, mined some gold and constructed a beautiful back comb—the whole costing her only eight cents

Spinster Home Journal.

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Spinster Home Journal.

Advice to College Girls.

Continued from Page 9.

the "working." Why, I know a girl who makes fudge every afternoon when she has nothing to start with except aqua-pura. By a system of diplomatic borrowing she soon has everything at hand. The chafing-dish comes from one room, the sugar from another and the cream from a third. Instead of alcohol she uses her room-mates Hudnuts and cold-cream makes an excellent substitute for butter. This always works. Try it yourselves. Write all your letters on your friends' monogrammed stationery and be sure you get the stamps out of their stamp-boxes.

Then when you are really pushed up against the wall, write your people a letter something like this.

Dearest Dad and Mother:—I'm so dreadfully rushed with all my work that I haven't time to write very much—but I just must have some money. I hate to ask for it but I have a tooth which gives me quite a good deal of trouble and have to go to Roanoke to have it fixed. I will need about fifteen dollars for that I think, and then our class is going to entertain the faculty and I'll have to have about five for that. Then I need some new pumps, so, altogether, I suppose you had better mail me a check for twenty-five. Logic exam. comes soon so I must stop and study. I work awfully hard now—getting up at four and going to bed at twelve. I'm getting thin too, and people say I look ill but I don't care just so I pass all my exams. Thanks in advance for the check. Love to all.
Devotedly,

This should be applied in slightly different form about every two months. This little surplus can be used to pay your bill at the store and give your friends a little treat so that your borrowing can begin all over again on a more solid foundation.

Another thing—when you see a "Please Don't Disturb" sign on a door—go on in and have a good time with the rest. There's no use in spoiling your fun just on account of a little natural delicacy. Trade all your best clothes and suits to the maid on the hall for fried chicken or tarts. And if your people object, why its their own fault for not giving you a larger allowance. Follow all these rules and you will come

out all right and people will never know that you haven't as much as anyone else.

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Seven Best Selling Books Continued from Page 9

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THE MISSIONARIES. The last of these modern novels is quite a contrast to *Rose o' Carvan's Creek*, for the element of humor can scarcely be discerned in the former. It is a conscientious work, showing plainly that the author's best effort have been expended in its preparation. The views expressed in the book sometimes impress us as being a little narrow, and prejudices seem to have influenced the author largely. After the first seven or eight chapters, the seriousness of the book becomes rather monotonous, still, no thoughtful reader can fail to appreciate its sincerity. Altogether it is an intelligent and beneficial production.

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The Siren

ROBERT GRAHAM was bored as he watched the vaudeville proceed, and at last he forgot it entirely and became occupied with his thoughts. He realized that he must decide to do something. The blow had fallen this afternoon. He had come here to forget but had forgotten that he had come here. Instead of the gay ballet before him, he saw the only woman as she swept in this afternoon in her violet gown with jonquils in her arms. She seemed to him the culmination of the ideal woman, the woman he had always known, tactful, charming, perfectly dressed. Yet there was something, too, but perhaps it was only that indescribable something that every man sees in the woman he loves. Then he groaned inwardly when he remembered what she had told him this afternoon. How she was making him suffer! Then he tried to put her from his thoughts long enough to imagine a future without her. How flat life would be! How intolerable! There was nothing left to live for in this old world. He was sick of it and its littleness. Of course his life was blasted but perhaps he could go away somewhere and it would not hurt so. A plan gradually formed in his mind and presently he got up and went out with less ennui than he would have thought possible a short half hour ago.

* * * * *

It was a hot July afternoon even in the shady cañon. Two tramps reclined against the trunk of a giant cedar and smoked their ugly yellow pipes. A third lay asleep near them. They rarely spoke and seemed too lazy even to be thinking much. Presently down the cañon a girl was seen coming towards them, stopping here and there for flowers and pausing to bathe her face in a half-hidden spring. For some reason she did not see the tramps until they had almost put their rough grimy hands on her. She screamed. The sleeping man awoke suddenly—took in the situation at a flash. In an instant one of the ruffians was sprawling on the ground. His

companion, enraged, rushed at the assailant, but a shot whistled by disagreeably close to his ear. Turning he saw the girl with a revolver in her hand. He fled, and his fellow tramp, scrambling up, followed at his heels. The girl was left alone with this uncouth man. For a minute they looked at each other. She was younger than he had supposed. She looked scarcely more than a child, for she was small in stature and had wide blue eyes and tied her reddish hair back with a ribbon. Her attitude was one of uncertainty as she looked at the tramp. She hardly knew whether to put away her pistol or not. Then her face was transformed with the shadow of a smile and she handed it to him.—

"I am afraid they will come back and hurt you."

Turning, she walked away.

The man followed her in silence to the opening of the cañon and watched her white dress until she reached the outskirts of the village. Then he looked at the pistol and laughed, for it was not loaded.

For the next ten days Robert Graham, contrary to his custom, hung around the vicinity of Hardin. He could scarcely have told you why he stayed. Probably he was waiting for new companions. His days were spent pleasantly, though. There were baths in the cool Arkansas river. How it made every nerve of his body tingle! He splashed the water and played in it with the same delight that country boys shriek and duck each other. Sometimes he saw his image in the clear water. While he lay under the willows on the bank two pictures flashed across his mind,—one a smooth-shaven, well-groomed man, handsome, but whose face was marred by its blasé worldly wisdom; the other that the water reflected, as he was now, a ragged, bearded man with a tramp's laziness and lack of animation, but perfect content was in his face. Then at other times, as he would sit for hours under a sweet-scented pine, with his old pipe, thoughts, which had been dormant during his ramblings returned to him in spite of himself. Across his vision came the only woman, but this time she was different somehow; he saw a new hardness in her eyes that he had not seen in the days of glamour. He had known a new side of humanity, its pitifulness, and its humor, sometimes its hunger. He had seen men made desperate by weakness and incompetence, who drifted as he was drifting. Yet this life was so peaceful. There was no thought for the future. Here in the mountains; this was life. One awoke with only the blue sky overhead and Mother Earth for his bed. How hungry he was! And how he devoured the roasted potaoes cooked in the rosy embers of a wayside fire! What a good friend

his pipe had been! Many a night it had been his only companion under the stars. But somehow there was something lacking since he had seen the little girl standing there. He would see her often, but sometimes a vision of the only woman would come gliding between them and smile in scornful amusement at this little anemone of the mountains. Then he would feel a desire to protect her against the woman.

One day when he had been dreaming in this fashion he fell asleep and as he awoke suddenly he saw the girl standing over him. He sprang to his feet and the girl jumped back in involuntary alarm.

"Don't be frightened. Don't go away. I won't hurt you," and she was a little ashamed of her fright.

After a moment she came and sat on the flat rock above him.

"I haven't been able to thank you," she told him, "but I have wondered about you since you helped me the other day. Of course, living as I do on the very highroad of such men as you, I have learned not to expect much from them and when you protected me I was more surprised than I can tell you," she paused as if puzzled as to how to continue, and went on haltingly, "I have been wondering if you did not have something unusual in your life, perhaps I even fancied something heroic. I came back to tell you, if I could find you, that I will help you if I can."

He saw that she was older than he had supposed. He had never found this sweet earnestness in any woman, and he felt like a big, over-grown boy beside her.

"I can't get no work," he answered finally. "My wife and children died of the fever. I am well now but nobody won't give me no work." Graham was rather amused at his effort until he saw sincere pity in her eyes and he was sorry he had worked off this old gag of the road on her.

"They need men in the furnaces on the other side of town. My brother is foreman and I will speak to him about you. Come to-morrow and I think they will give you a place," undecided for a minute then she gave him her hand with, "Good-bye," and went quickly down the cañon.

Again he watched her slender figure fade from view. When he returned to the flat rock he could see her sitting there with half eagerness, half pity in her eyes.

"Bless her," he said. How young she is!"

So it came about, led by the gleam of starry eyes, Robert Graham, idler since his college days, became a workman in the smelting furnaces of Hardin. It was a new experience to him; to fall asleep from sheer exhaus-

tion; to ache in every muscle by nightfall; to be ravenous at meal-time; to scarcely have time even to think. He learned the few facts about the girl. Her name was Martha Kelly. She kept house for her brother in a tiny cottage, and she taught the primary school in winter. He met her sometimes as he came from his work and involuntarily his eyes would soften in answer to her communicative smile. As the winter passed he met her oftener in the unconventional little Western town, and she gradually became a vital interest to him. He advanced in his work and when spring came, had a position which older men envied him. He had more time now and on Sunday morning he would take Martha, and they would go for long tramps through winding cañons filled with wonderful wild flowers and the opening foliage of the underbrush, and the renewed sweetness of the cedars; sometimes they followed slow curving wagon roads through the giant pines; sometimes they climbed dizzy trails known only to the wild burroughs who lived at their top. She showed him a new world, the world of the mountains through eyes that had always loved them. He watched the frolicing chipmunk and the tiny indigo bird first to please her and then to please himself. On the other hand, he was a new kind of a man to her. She took on little courtesies and graces unconsciously, and she found herself gentler. He opened the world of poetry to her, thoughts she had felt he read to her from Wordsworth, whom she loved best, and many others.

He did not tell her he loved her for a long time, but of course she knew it. One day when they stood together watching the first of the Orioles, as it poured forth a golden melody from its amber throat, it seemed the most natural thing in the world when he took her in his arms. They listened in silence, her face against his shoulder and his lips touching her hair.

"Dearest," he said at last, "listen, the bird is telling you better than I can. He is singing with his soul what I can only stammer with my lips and half convince you with my eyes. Does he tell you what I feel?"

She only clung closer and warm tears fell on his hand.

In the glorious sunset, they came down the mountain together hand in hand, like two little children, but the radiant happiness of a man and a woman was shining from their eyes.

On the day before their wedding, Robert Graham had come to the depot to make some final arrangements for their wedding journey. A train pulled in and he saw that the last coach was a private car. Attracted in spite of himself, he walked to the end where he saw a gay pleasure party on the rear platform, and in their midst stood the lady of so many of his

dreams. She stood there in dove-like gray with the scornful poise of her head that he remembered so well. She was staring at him and as he faced her in turning she gave a little scream.

"Bobby Graham, where did you come from?" There was no escaping her now. "You hermit, you cowboy, tell me where you dropped from. I've missed my beautiful Bobby. You aren't very pretty though now. I'd know your shoulders in Australia, but this place is worse. You've simply got to come with me. I won't lose you again. I need you Bobby. Some of the men will lend you some clothes."

"Of course, princess, but I can't come now," he said, eagerly trying to cover with a light gallantry his changing emotions.

"We'll wait over till the next train, for I must have you Bobby. These pigs bore me to death," taking in the rest with a sweep of her dainty hand, "you used to make love so cleverly. And then you were stupid enough to get sulky!"

"Princess, I had forgotten how beautiful you are, but I can't come to-day and you must not wait for me," he was trying to show her how firm he was but his wavering was almost visible.

"Well, you can meet us in Salt Lake. I don't believe you've thought of me since you left."

"I thought you knew me better of old. Has any one ever forgotten you?"

"That's an improvement but you are still rusty. I'll take you in hand. Now tell me what you have been doing?"

So she went on in her old gay manner until he forgot that he had ever lived for anything but to worship at her fascinating shrine. The train pulled out and as it rounded the curve she kissed her hand to him.

He had promised to meet her in Salt Lake City.

"Mr. Graham," the ticket agent called to him, "I have found out about those tickets for you."

Graham went in and mechanically paid for two tickets and then, as if by proxy, one to Salt Lake. Whistling, he took the road to the mountains. His whole brain was whirling with images of the woman in gray. He saw her luring smile in the clouds and in the treetops. As he climbed higher he felt the breath of the cool wind on his cheek to be her kisses. At last when he reached the top of the mountain, he sat down on a great bowlder and took two purple slips and a red one from his pocket. He balanced them mentally. The red one meant the woman with the pussy willow eyes, her life, its gayety, the exhilarating pursuit of her and she perhaps would

always elude him. This was the life his father had led. It seemed very bright to him just now as a gray-gloved hand beckoned him to follow, He had forgotten her fascination for him. He looked at the purple slips and put beside them the deed to the furnace which he had intended for Martha's wedding gift. These papers meant work and monotony. How little there was to balance the tiny bright paper! And how long would the little girl satisfy him? Her reproachful eyes came before him, and he lowered his own in shame. He was not worth this little mountain flower. He loved her, but still the laughing eyes lured him on. Perhaps he could take Martha back to the old life, but the wild flower would not flourish in a strange soil. If he married her he must stay in the work-a-day West. But the woman? Could he give her up when he had just found her? He had fancied a new tenderness in her tantalizing eyes. Then he felt a warm hand close over his and he saw the tears gather in pleading eyes like the clouds in an April sky.

A big raindrop splashed on his face and he saw a storm had been gathering. The blue skies of Colorado are the bluest but its storms come quickly. The sky was set in motion with ugly black clouds. The wind swept down the cañon below. As it rose higher, a rock was uprooted near him and sped dizzily down the mountain. All the flood gates of heaven were opened. Graham ran wildly down the mountain, a sudden terror gripping his heart. Martha might be out in the storm. She would be hurt. A boulder crashed behind him. He plunged on. Sometimes he fell on his face. The lightning flashed and he saw a fallen trunk across his path. With a leap he was beyond, heart keeping time to his feet. He prayed in sobs. The wind swept him on, mocking him. He would find her crushed. He cried out; the storm drowned his voice. But his good angel guided him for he soon came to her door and had her in his arms, kissing her again and again, "Little girl, dear little girl, I never knew how I loved you."

She calmed him and bathed his bruised face, and together they beheld the rainbow, for the storm had passed as quickly as it had come.

MARY GENTRY PAXTON.

The Close of Day



IN the early dawn of a winter's
morn
She stood by the deep-blue sea;
As her lover true
With his gallant crew

Sailed out on the quiet sea—
Far out on the deep-blue sea.

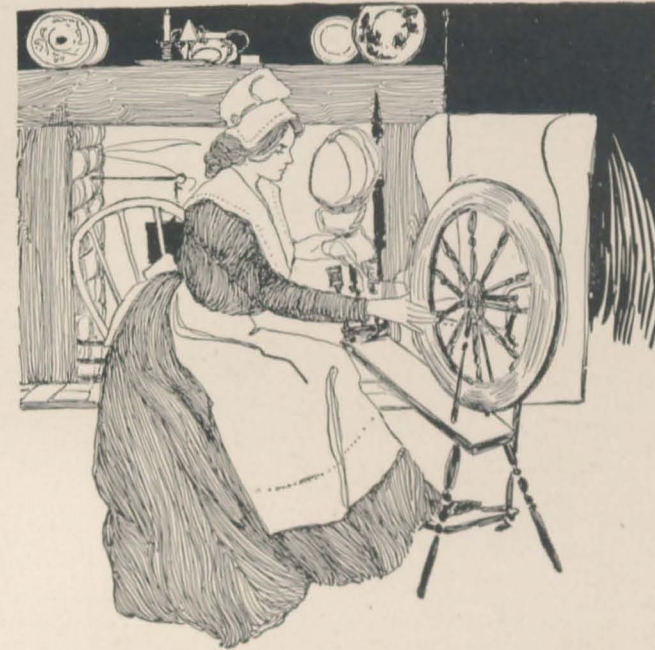
In the twilight's grey of a winter's day,
She stood by the angry sea;
As her lover brave
Sank under the wave
Down in the raging sea—
Deep down in the angry sea.

In the fading light of a winter's night,
She stood by the sullen sea;
But her lover bold
Lay quiet and cold
'Neath the restless, moaning sea—
In the depths of the sullen sea.

—LOUISE MURPHY.



THE SULPHUR SPRING



Dear old girls:—

Can you realize that as usual I have waited a year to come to see you again? It doesn't seem possible, does it? Still I think you are all old enough to know how stealthily time flies by, leaving a year in the past, and how you awake with a start, finding yourself older and lots of things left undone. However, my dears, I have thought of you each day, and I hope you have not quite forgotten me, your old maid friend. And so, in this, the Hollins Year Book for 1906, you will find hidden in every page the love I feel for you, the Hollins girl, and my wish that the coming years may be filled with happiness and success for each of you.

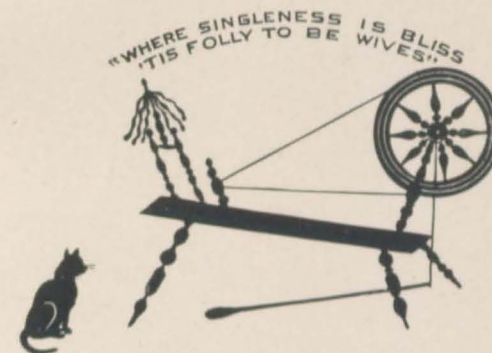
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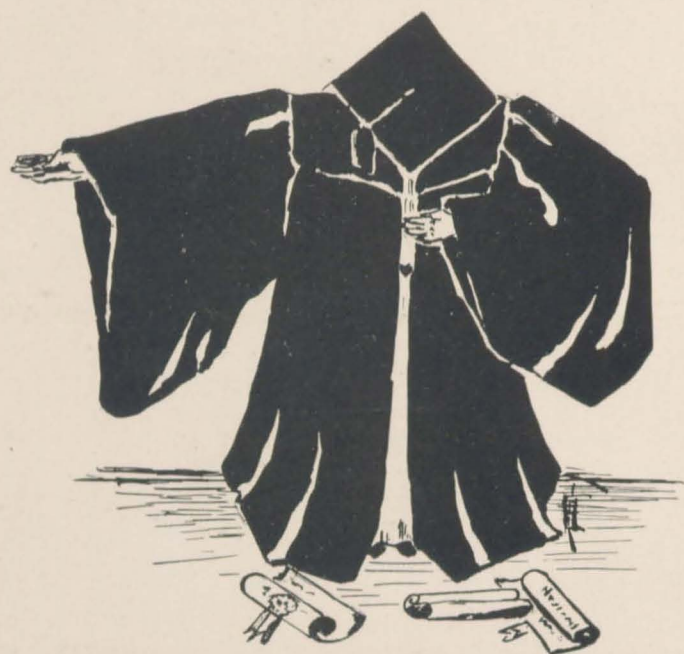
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